CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 1, 1981

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RUMBLES FROM THE NORTH

COMING TO THE CRUNCH ON LAND CLAIMS

Cree chief Billy Diamond

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JUNE 1, 1981 CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE VOL. 94 NO. 22

Maclean's



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COVER STORY

Rumbles from the North

When he signed the James Bay Agreement in 1975, Grand Chief of the Cree Council Billy Diamond thought it was a victory for native land claims. Now, as pressure mounts from other native groups to resolve their billion-dollar demands, his agreement stands as a warning that government is not to be trusted. The settlement, he says, has brought the James Bay Cree only illness and open sewers

—Page 49



The Schmidt gospel

Beset at home from left and right, Helmut Schmidt seeks U.S. reassurances on détente. —Page 21

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The class of '81

The New York Islanders won a second Stanley Cup last week. A third may be costly —Page 40



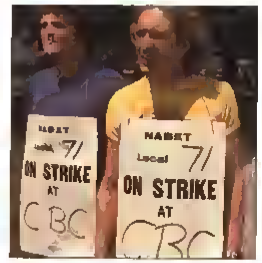
Playing to the crowd

The Toronto Theatre Festival is a 1,000-performance rummage sale of talent —Page 65



No more pompons

Under choreographer Anna Wyman, the B.C. Lions cheerleaders are a co-ed class act —Page 42



Video games people play

The CBC and its technicians are at war again, meaning drastic cuts in service —Page 28

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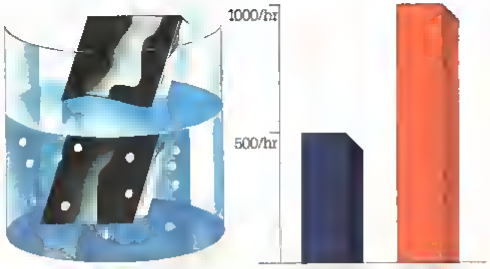
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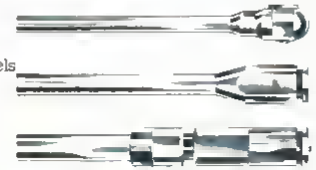
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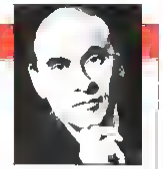
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EDITORIAL



Enough of the forked tongue, it's time for fair treatment

By Peter C. Newman

In a moving testament to the dilemma of his people, Walking Buffalo, a Stoney Indian chief who died in 1967, is quoted in J.W. Grant MacEwan's classic *Portraits From the Plains* as telling his tribe: "He's a smart fellow in some ways, this white man. But he can't boss or bully Nature. He took the country that did not belong to him and pushed the Indians into some small corners. He killed off the buffalo and then turned to other game animals and forests and grass and soil with the idea of selling them for money. Now he's digging into the heart of the earth to find something else he can sell for cash. And he thinks he can teach the Indians how to live. He's a smart fellow but he should not lose his sanity about money and he should not allow himself to become a stranger in Nature's community. The Indian can still teach him a few things about living. But the white man will not listen."

We're not listening, still. Canada's one million native people remain refugees in their own land. Their plight could once be ignored because, politically at least, they had little clout, being scattered into about 600 bands across the country and not even getting to vote until 1960.

Now, as the haunting cover story by Roy MacGregor on page 49 illustrates, the Indians and Inuit are demanding their aboriginal rights, not as retroactive charity but as fair reward for allowing us to share their land and its resources.

The trouble is that settling native land claims tops no politician's priorities list. It's one of those eternal issues—like the Labrador border dispute or prison reform—that cabinet ministers vaguely hope will go away or be left for their successors.

According to off-the-record estimates currently circulating in Ottawa, the cost of settling current claims has risen to at least $1 billion in cash plus as much as a quarter of the land in the Yukon and the Northwest Territories.

Neither Canada's constitutional future nor our new national dream of reaching energy self-sufficiency within this decade can be realized until these claims are settled. Few of our politicians—federal or provincial—seem aware of this.

Certainly, the native people themselves will have to be flexible and realistic in their demands. They cannot, for example, continue to enjoy their many tax exemptions once they are on the receiving end of their rightful bounty.

It's time Chief Walking Buffalo was heard.

Maclean's

June 1, 1981

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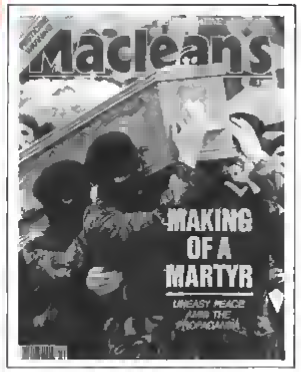
LETTERS

Martyr mystery

Surely the Bobby Sands affair in Northern Ireland has to be the greatest example of religous hypocrisy in recent history (*Making of a Martyr*, Cover, May 18) Sands committed suicide in his quest for political prisoner status He did not even pretend to be a religious martyr With that act he committed what I understand the Roman Catholic Church regards as the most blatant and extreme crime against God And yet he was sent a special emissary from the Pope and received the last rites, twice! After his death there was even a special mass for him I also have to wonder how the church can openly condone these acts and further acts against God, for a political cause —JOHN L HENRY, *Vancouver*

If Bobby Sands was a martyr, so were the four students killed at Kent State 11 years ago And the students didn't carry the guns —LUKE WALBERT *White Bear Lake, Minn*

I am an ordinary, middle aged Dublin woman living in Ontario As a Canadian citizen I now regard Canada as my home that I love, but your article on Ireland has brought alive my dormant Irish spirit Your picture of Patrick Pearse brought to mind the words of the poem he wrote to his mother during his last few days: *"They and a few/in bloody protest for a glorious thing/they shall be spoken of among their people/the generations shall remember them/and call them blessed "* How tragic that what Pearse and his comrades died for in 1916 Irishmen are still dying for today, and are still misunderstood by the people of the world How many Irish sons must England claim before granting us our God-given freedom to rule our land? —FIONA COOKE, *Oshawa, Ont*



Sands's coffin crime against God

Nineteen eighty one

I was alarmed to see in your review of *George Orwell: A Life* (*Some Writers Are More Equal Than Others*, Books, May 18) the words, "socialism—with its demands for drab, institutionalized thinking and blinkered adherence to dogma ..." Such a statement represents an excessively prevalent, superficial and misguided understanding of socialist philosophy, and reeks of the very dangerous ignorance that Orwell dedicated his life to undermining It is too easy for a public, uneducated in the subtleties of political ideas, to absorb such thoughtless statements unconsciously and uncritically —IAN CARTER *Ottawa*

Limitations to growths

It is time the public recognized the limitations of laboratory tests using rats, hamsters, etc (*The Spread of Silent Springs*, Canada, May 18) These tests are useful, but the final and conclusive test comes with the use of the substance in the everyday world over a period of time We are willing to live with such proven killers Let's not ban essential tools on the chance that they may be harmful to rats —JOHN R IRELAND *Mansfield, Ont.*

Blobs of silliness

The TV film *Escape From Iran: The Canadian Caper* showed everything that's good and bad with TV (*Scooped by Reality*, Television, May 18) The program showed how current or historical events can be put across in a realistic and entertaining way, then plagues the presentation with blobs of silly commercials —C E FRASER, *Waterville, N S.*

PASSAGES



SENTENCED: **Florent Cantin**, 22 in Chibougamau, Que., to eight years' imprisonment for setting the New Year's Day, 1980, fire in Chapais, Que., that killed 48 of the more than 350 revellers in the wood-frame Opemiska Social Club

MARRIED: **France Chrétien**, 22, eldest child and only daughter of Justice Minister **Jean Chrétien** to **André Desmarais**, 24, second son of **Paul Desmarais**, chairman of Power Corp Chrétien is a recent law graduate from the University of Ottawa, and Desmarais graduated from Loyola University in Montreal with a degree in commerce

MARRIED: Actress **Lindsay Wagner**, 31, to actor-stunt man **Henry Kingi**, 37 in Lake Tahoe, Nev It's the third marriage for TV's bionic woman, the second for Kingi

RESIGNED: **William Neville**, 45 as chief aide to Conservative leader **Joe Clark**, effective June 1 Neville's duties will be split between aides **Peter Harder** and **Richard Clippingdale** Neville, a former journalist, served from 1965 to 1969 as executive assistant to the late Liberal cabinet minister **Judy LaMarsh** and later switched parties to work as special assistant to **Robert Stanfield**



SENTENCED: **Nigel Barry Hamer**, 32, to one year in prison and three years' probation for his part in the 1970 kidnapping of British diplomat **James Cross** The so called sixth man in the October Crisis, he was part of the abduction team and kept them supplied with food and medicine during the two-month crisis, but received the lightest sentence Judge **Yves Mayrand** noted that Hamer had remained in Quebec when the others fled to Cuba and had become "a responsible, stable" member of the community



DIED: Author **William Saroyan**, 72, of cancer, in Fresno, Calif A flamboyant writer of Armenian descent Saroyan produced novels, plays magazine articles and more than 1 000 short stories A lifelong progressive, he rejected the 1940 Pulitzer Prize for his play *The Time of Your Life*, saying art was for the people not the elite In his final statement to the press before he was admitted to hospital, Saroyan said "Everybody must die but I have always believed an exception would be made in my case Now what?"

ELECTED: Finance Minister **Allan MacEachen**, 60, as chairman of the International Monetary Fund's main policy-making body, the Interim Committee Britain's chancellor of the exchequer, **Sir Geoffry Howe**, had been expected to be tapped for the post, but a group of Third World nations opted for MacEachen, apparently in protest against Britain's tight money policies



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"WE'VE GOT TO BREAK DOWN THE INSURANCE STEREOTYPE, BUT WE'VE HARDLY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."

Harold West, Royal Insurance Branch Manager in Edmonton, Alberta, shakes up some stubborn myths about commercial insurance.

Q. *WHAT STEREOTYPE ARE YOU WORKING AGAINST?*

A. A lot of people see commercial insurance as a cut-and-dried, facts-and-figures business. I'd like them to see it as it really is. Creative. Exciting. Vital. I don't know of any other career that can put you in contact with *everything* there is to business life. Building a bridge, making rollerskates, starting a laundry. It doesn't matter what it is, we're involved with everything that's new, as well as everything that's old.

Q. *WHAT'S THE TRUE PICTURE REALLY LIKE?*

A. It's not a humdrum thing. I love it because we're dealing with the unknown and there's something new all the time. My goal has always been to make certain that our people all the way down the line understand that I want them to use their intelligence and imagination to do new things, to look at problems with a fresh viewpoint. Here in Alberta there's a great feeling of excitement. Entrepreneurs trying out new ideas, building new things. We have to fit the business climate we're in and come up with new services and new products ourselves.

Q. *DOESN'T SIZE LEAD TO BUREAUCRACY AND THE BIG MACHINE?*

A. It doesn't have to. Since the Royal is the largest insurer of homes, cars and businesses in the country, we can afford to do our own staff training. Once you're training people from the start, you bring them up with your own thinking and you also learn what their strengths are. The result is that you can give them a lot more latitude and freedom to make the most of their own ideas.

Q. *HOW DO YOU GET THE BEST FROM YOUR PEOPLE?*

A. You train people properly and then let them free to do their own thing within the area they're comfortable in. Sure they're going to make mistakes, but that's all part of their training, their experience. People get paid to make decisions, and when they make decisions, they're bound to make some mistakes.

Q. *HOW DO YOU PERSONALLY MAKE DECISIONS?*

A. I ask questions. Asking questions is what commercial insurance is all about. With experience, you learn to ask the right questions and to make decisions on that basis. After I've finished talking to everyone, asked all the questions, completed everything I have to do, I'll always sleep on it when it's something important. It's amazing how many better decisions I make as a result of it.

Q. *WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WORK WITH YOU?*

A. In the main, I let my people do their own thing with very little input from me. I'm meticulous in detail but I don't believe in a lot of written reports. I'd just as soon have somebody come in and we talk it over and that's the end of it. We branch managers should be the same as our marketing people, drumming up new business, finding out what the problems are. We shouldn't be sitting in some ivory tower. The ivory tower can be an occupational hazard, and I'm going to get rid of it one way or another.

Q. *WHY BUY COMMERCIAL INSURANCE THROUGH AN INDEPENDENT BROKER OR AGENT?*

A. I'd rather have a qualified broker or agent look after me simply because of the personal contact. If you have a policy with a direct writer of insurance—without an agent—who are you going to see if you have a problem with your policy? Do you really think someone in a big insurance company is going to sit down with you the same way as an independent agent who is earning his bread and butter by keeping you as a satisfied customer?

Q. *WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE FUTURE FOR YOUR BRANCH OF THE ROYAL?*

A. We're going to have the biggest and best branch in the country. I'm working on getting as many people as possible to come to the Royal, simply because we're the best company with the best product. And it's not enough just to say we're the best. We have to show it. Show that we have the people and the product to do the job right. It's as simple as that. The people. The product.

To learn how a personalized Royal program can improve the effectiveness of your commercial insurance, call your independent broker or agent. He'll gladly explain the details of our service, and recommend a Royal program most appropriate for all your commercial insurance needs.



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The band plays on

The article on the Edmonton Oilers (*A Dark Night in Alberta*, Sports, May 4) was wrongly titled. It wasn't a sad day for true Oiler fans. We are awfully proud of our team. They did what no one imagined they could ever do. We love them all and they all deserve credit for the great affort. They are definitely something to watch for in the future.

—NANCY AND BETTY GOLIGHTLY,
Edmonton

The last rights

What constitutes a "legitimate government" in Africa, and many other places, these days? Nigeria's foreign minister says, "There is a legitimate government in Angola and to do anything to destabilize it, by giving aid to groups who have lost the right to represent the people, is an affront to all Africa" (*The Final Phase of Independence*, World, May 4). It was the coming of Cubans equipped with sophisticated Soviet weaponry that established what Alhaji Ali Baba (Nigeria's foreign minister) now refers to as Angola's "legitimate government."

—JOSEF SKVORECKY,
Toronto

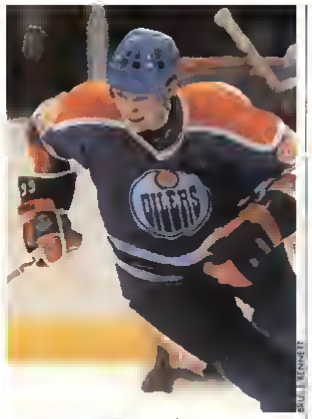
Cheers, jeers, rights and wrongs

Most recently, in *A Right to Be Bullied and Bored* (Column, May 4), Barbara Amiel confuses human rights with the rights of those in positions of power and authority to lord it over the common person as they see fit. According to her, if an employer doesn't trust people with criminal records or like people with foreign accents he should have the "right" to refuse them employment. Similarly, if a landlord—because of some deeply held religious conviction, to be sure—doesn't like anyone, he should have every right to keep them off the premises. It is, after all, his building and not the government's. Basic liberties, it seems, mean the right of the powerful to discriminate against the powerless. The new right, indeed.

—ERIC BALL,
Halifax

Finally human "rights" commissions are called down in the national media. Human rights acts are incompatible with individual rights. The Alberta Bill of Rights and Individuals' Rights Protection Act are clear proof. The former protects freedom of religion, speech, the press and use of property. The latter forbids publication or expression of certain ideas and peaceful use of property in certain ways. Somehow the contradiction was missed. So it is with human rights commissioners. Most are likely men of good will and we must convince them that their acts do violence to the ends they seek. I hope Amiel's column will provide food for thought for them. As for those who know full well what they are doing, they must be removed from power forthwith.

—ROBIN GILLESPIE,
Vancouver



Wayne Gratzky: it wasn't a sad day

Mother knows best

Your article *The Quest for a Cure* (Cover, April 20) was well written and researched, but did you really get the point? Cancer is not a lump or a bump which develops out of the blue, and which must be removed at any cost. It is but one of many degenerative diseases that should be treated as such, not as an emergency. It takes years of bad habits to prepare the body for degenerative diseases. Mother nature is curing cancer all the time. It is only when she fails that cancer becomes a lump or bump. The immune system is the chief weapon for the body to fight cancer. Chemotherapy, radiation and surgery are very expensive. Alternate therapy is not only inexpensive, but the patient becomes responsible for his own therapy, and his own results. We believe that mother nature knows better than any mortal how to handle these problems. By detoxifying the body and by providing vitamins, enzymes and minerals the battle can be won.

—R. GLEN GREEN
Clinic for Health,
Prince Albert, Sask.

A dirtied silver screen

I was outraged by André Lamy's attitude toward the Canadian film industry in *Growing Pains in the Film Industry* (Q & A, May 4). A variety of the Canadian Film Development Corp.'s objectives appear misguided to me, most notably Lamy's seemingly insatiable desire for more public funding for what has already been shown to be an inefficient means to a nonetheless justifiable end. Secondly, an incentive system that makes it less of a profit risk to have a film flop rather than to produce a truly good movie is self-defeating in its nature. Finally, the comment that more money can buy better scripts or acting talent, strikes me as being an insult to all Canadians employed in the acting field. It is this kind of bureaucratic megalomania that is the chief cause of impotence in Canada's potentially vibrant film community.

—D'ARCY C. KEENE
Edmonton

Bricks for bureaucracy

Your article *The Oil War Is the First War* (Business, April 27) was informative. What disturbs me is that, like all the eastern media, you seem to accept the government's over-simplification of its confrontation with Alberta. The argument over price is just one weapon being used by the Ottawa civil service to attempt to regain control of Alberta's natural resources which it had when the province was formed. The National Energy Program's regulations are the first part of an attempt to build a super bureaucracy in Ottawa to control all energy production. Alberta has to be super careful about conceding controls to Ottawa.

—TURNER BONE
Westmount, Que.

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The magic of the OM moment became ingeniously easy to capture with the fully automatic OLYMPUS OM-10. Focus and shoot. It's that simple. TTL sees the light, right. So it's foolproof. And audio-visual indication makes its self-timer a real standout.

The newest innovations from OLYMPUS are the XA Series Cameras. They're full-frame 35s but that's where the resemblance to the traditional camera stops. There's no lens cap, no case. A unique Dust Barrier slides back to reveal a capable Zuiko lens. So they go anywhere, in style.

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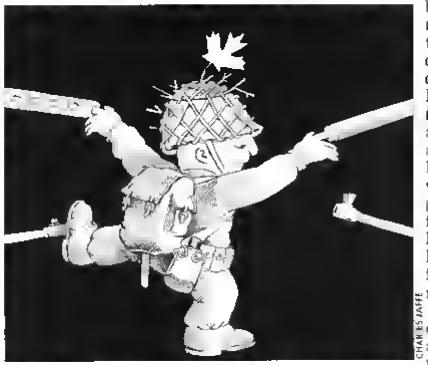
Stop signs for a military trip



'The prospect of an international force for the Sinai presents a dilemma'

By John Holmes

As a provider of peacekeeping forces to supervise truces, Canada has acquired unique experience and a reputation that has stood us in good stead in the international community. None of the assignments has been accepted without calculation of the political and economic cost, but the prospect of a proposed international force for the Sinai presents a dilemma. The 1979 Egyptian-Israeli treaty stated the United Nations would be asked for such a force after Israel withdrew from the Sinai in April, 1982. It is now clear that no such force could be established over a Soviet veto and the hostility of the Arab world and its friends to Egypt's separate peace. At Camp David, the U.S. pledged that if UN sponsorship couldn't be obtained, it would ensure an "acceptable alternative multinational force." The present tension in the Middle East has accentuated concern over the fulfilment of the Egyptian-Israeli treaty, and the question of the composition of the supervisory force has become urgent. Few countries, however, want to get involved. The Canadian government knows that it is a prime candidate and must consider its response.



CHARLES JAFFE

Among the Canadian criteria long established is that "the peacekeeping organization should be responsible to a political authority, preferably the United Nations." Nevertheless, Canada twice took part reluctantly in missions in Indochina outside the UN framework. The commissions, however, could not operate as intended because of the lack of a responsible higher authority and because the parties would not heed the terms. The experiences were frustrating, and the conclusion seemed to be never again.

In the present case, Egypt and Israel do seem willing to abide by the terms. They are backed by the United States, but broad international support is lacking. Although Canada has no responsibility for the Camp David accord, our government applauded it. We have consistently argued for Israel's withdrawal from occupied territory with assurances for its security. Should we not back our words with a modest deed? A battalion at most would be required of us. Our willingness could warm the hearts of the Reagan administration or at least spare us the wrath of men who feel let down by their allies.

There is much to be said for helping out our friend and ally in a cause of peace. Participation, however, raises tough problems. Although the force would be for surveillance only, the main component might well be American and thus misconstrued as the U.S. Rapid Deployment Force of which all Arabs are wary. (The U.S. is currently seeking allied support for its Rapid Deployment Force in the Middle East—an undertaking for which Canada should exercise great caution.) To whom would the force be responsible? How multinational should it be? There could be a tripartite U.S.-Israel-Egypt authority, but how real would that division of power be under the pressures to be expected? Whatever the good intentions of Washington, we would find ourselves an adjunct of their foreign and defence policy over which we would have little influence. This is an exposed position we have avoided as an ally in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) team, but the Sinai is outside the NATO area. The Europeans have doubts about U.S. policy and are most unlikely to join the multinational force. We could be certain, furthermore, that our relations with the Arab world and our reputation for objectivity would be severely damaged by taking part in this enterprise—even the Syrians accept our presence in the UN force that stands between them and Israel.

There is too much room for misunderstanding. Is this to be an observer force as we Canadians have long understood the term, one that is withdrawn if the truce breaks down? Or is it expected, as the Israelis and some Americans imply, to stand armed against aggression? In a crisis Canadians could be asked to act as we had never intended. Who would be in command? Integrating other international forces satisfactorily into a largely American team is bound to be difficult, very different from accepting an international authority like the UN.

Much may happen in the coming months, possibly even a wider settlement, in which the UN could extend its role. As matters stand, however, Canada should not accept a commitment which, because our views on the Middle East are not constantly in accord with those of Washington, might create more friction than good will. We have at present some 750 men serving in UN forces in the Eastern Mediterranean and their impartiality would be forfeited if we took part in what is regarded as an American enterprise.

We have a long and honorable record of service, and it is in the interest of the international community, including Israel, Egypt and the United States, that Canada maintain its credibility as a reliable UN peacekeeper. We have helped the U.S. in difficult situations, when they needed us badly as a member of the commission for surveillance of the truce former U.S. secretary of state Henry Kissinger was able to work out with the Vietnamese in 1973. We pitched in even though we were unable to get any of the provisions we had requested. Our team in Vietnam suffered frustration and humiliation before we withdrew it, but we thereby helped the Americans extricate themselves from their apocalypse. It is a valid excuse for avoiding another ambiguous venture outside the United Nations.

John Holmes is counsellor at the Canadian Institute of International Affairs and Bissell professor of Canadian/American relations at the University of Toronto.

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Return from a season in hell

The traditions of jazz seem almost to require a musician to spend a season in hell before reaching maturity That tradition claimed Lenny Breau once Canada's best-loved young jazz legend, Breau was driven by years of depression and drug addiction to near-death in a New York snowdrift in 1978 Following a long recovery, he is now on firmer ground, and has emerged from his rite of passage a warmer and more expressive guitarist Breau's recent sellout tour of Canadian cities, his first in five years, has reinstated the legend Said longtime friend Don Francks, the actor "Lenny's come back from the nether regions, which is practically a miracle, certainly cause for celebration" For Breau, 40, a tiny figure in a dark pin-striped suit, it was a personal triumph, which nonetheless failed to justify the darker years "They say you have to suffer to play. It's a lie. I was trapped, not inspired, by my drug involvement and I was just lucky to get out alive."

Show business captured Lenny Breau at the age of 12, when he began playing lead guitar in the family band Born in Auburn, Me., a largely francophone rural town where the Breaus have lived for three generations, he moved with his family to Winnipeg to play in a long-running radio show, and eventually on TV His parents, a French-Canadian show business couple named "Lonesome Pine" (Harold Breau) and "Betty Cody" (Rita Côte) were onetime headliners on the country and western circuit that runs through the Maritimes, Quebec and the West Once off the circuit, however, Harold Breau became restless, and the marriage broke up Côte took the younger children back to Maine, but Lenny stayed with his father's band and discovered Winnipeg's burgeoning jazz scene

In the late '50s, Breau became known on the Yorkville strip as part of a band called Three, formed with Don Francks After the group broke up, Breau fast became a fixture in Toronto's jazz scene His easy showmanship and his guitar technique, a unique combination of jazz complexity, piano-like voicings, country picking and frequent side trips into exotic tones from east to west, won Breau accolades from guitarists in Los Angeles, Nashville and New York, though he rarely left Toronto He recorded two albums, including his best-known, *The Velvet Touch of Lenny Breau*, with his mentor and old family friend Chet Atkins in Nashville Atkins speaks glowingly of Breau, calling him "my little hero" and "the pioneer of finger style jazz guitar," adding, "Breau's alone in what he does While lots of people copy him, Lenny has stayed well ahead of them all"

'They say you have to suffer to play. It's a lie.'



Breau during Canadian tour: 'Breau's alone in what he does While lots of people copy him, Lenny has stayed well ahead of them all'

Breau's lack of concern with success meant his career never matched his reputation Then, in the early '70s, his talent was eroded by his drug habit. Breau was hooked on methadone, which he first took to offset the effect of psychedelics. "I took acid every day for three years," he says, "but it didn't show in my playing I was hiding it, in fact, and doing TV shows—the CBC, serious music shows where I played Bach But I was out to lunch" After a period, "it turned on me and I couldn't handle it Some musicians I knew were on this new drug I didn't know what it was, just some orange liquid, but it brought me back to earth." Breau left Toronto in 1975, fleeing a minor drug charge for possession of marijuana He returned to Maine, where his father had been drinking his way through retirement for some time Breau became such a regular drinking partner that his mother became alarmed and urged him to visit Atkins in Nashville Harold Breau died a few months later on a final bender

In Nashville, where Breau had hoped to kick his drug habit, he discovered heroin On a trip to New York City, a nearly fatal mixing of alcohol and methadone left him unconscious in a snowdrift Only an alert policeman prevented him from dying of exposure "When I woke up in the hospital after that incident, I knew I had reached the bottom," Breau relates He checked into a strict drug rehabilitation program in Brooklyn

Drug-free for the first time in 15 years, Breau returned to Maine where he practised continually and recorded an album "It was more than just getting my strength back," says Breau "I had taken care of my drug problem and now I had to work on the problems the drugs had hidden from sight" For Breau, the solution has come in a renewed dedication to work and the stability of marriage last year to Jewel Glasscock, a country-pop singer The couple settled in northern California, where his large, close-knit family of Lebanese in-laws strongly resembles the Breaus of Maine Speaking of Jewel as if she were the heroine of a country song, Breau says the marriage and the birth of his two-month-old daughter have finally ended his wandering "I have come full circle," he says "I have the right woman with me, a family and I'm clear about what I'm doing Drugs took 10 years out of my life but now I'm 40 and finally grown up" —BART TESTA

The foundering of the Ark

Once Canada's crowning symbol of small-is-beautiful technology, the Ark is closing its doors

By Silver Donald Cameron



The Ark was a step into the future, a romantic experiment in what Pierre Trudeau described as "living lightly on the land" Built in 1976 on the shores of Spry Point, 70 km east of Charlottetown, P.E.I., the government-funded solar house was meant to provide self-sufficiency to a family of four: food from organic gardens, fish from culture tanks, electricity from the wind, warm air and hot water from the sun. No pesticides, no pollution. A fresh start for an exhausted planet

The Ark became Canada's most famous symbol of the small-is-beautiful approach to technology, but the reality never managed to live up to the symbol. This week, the Ark will close its insulating shades and greenhouse ridge vents, a victim of a hard-nosed economic climate and of its own limitations. It was a vision, and like all visions it dimmed in the realization. The windmills, intended to sell electricity to Maritime Electric, either didn't work or threatened to self-destruct The tropical Tilapia fish wouldn't breed at temperatures the Ark's shaky solar heating system could sustain The live-in family, a couple with two children, couldn't handle 5,000 guests a year and moved out.

In 1978, the Ark was converted to a research and demonstration centre for low-cost energy-efficient food production, under the direction of The Institute of Man and Resources (IMR) The institute was set up under Alex Campbell's Liberal government in 1975 to investigate alternate energy sources and technologies which Campbell considered crucial to resource-poor P.E.I But he retired and the Liberals were defeated by John Angus MacLean's Tories, who did not share the enthusiasm In addition, the Trudeau Liberals grew budget-conscious and abolished what Andy Wells, executive director of IMR, calls "the very selective areas in the federal government which funded these innovative sorts of projects. The projects themselves have less political appeal than they did five years ago, and they've discernibly lost support." The Ark's funding problems were complicated by the fact that its activities cut across several federal departments Says Peter Meincke, president of the University of Prince Edward Island and chairman of IMR "The Ark's view of man is incompatible with current ways of looking at humans, and its structure, which is based on ecology, doesn't match the funding structure at all"



The Ark (above): Trudeau at 1976 opening: fresh start for an exhausted planet, nutty dream

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERLAND PHOTOS

At the same time, scientists were finding the Ark inconvenient for research Spry Point is storm-lashed and bitter in winter, and the spring thaw makes the kilometre-long driveway a quagmire The new director, Ken MacKay, and other staffers were strained by commuting from Charlottetown Wells thought the research could be done better elsewhere, and at less cost. When IMR announced last January that it would wind the Ark down, even MacKay reluctantly agreed

MacKay was at an exchange in Kenya and Tanzania when the official announcement came, however, and the number of people there who expressed disappointment about it caused him to change his mind The tar sands, Petrocan, Telidon, none of this means much to the "South" side of the North-South dialogue, says MacKay, but the Ark, which costs $300,000 a year and employs 11 people (24 in summer) is a powerful symbol of the low-cost technologies that do offer hope to the Third World "When I came back," says MacKay, "I thought, Jesus, this can't just *end*!"

In early spring, the Ark itself was all blossoms and greenery and good-hu-

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mored people talking in a sun-washed dining room over a lunch of fresh-picked salads. In February, the domestic solar greenhouse had provided 200 salad servings, it holds more than 60 varieties of vegetables, 25 types of flowers, strawberries, grapes, herbs and dwarf peach and citrus trees.

In the commercial greenhouse, 2,000 rainbow trout fingerlings swarm in a shallow tank. The water is not dumped, as in most hatcheries, but circulates into another tank. There, bacteria convert the fish wastes to nitrates, which nourish watercress, lettuce, celery and tomatoes growing on Styrofoam rafts. The water is now clean enough for fish again, and its warmth contributes 60 per cent of the heat to the greenhouse while inducing the trout to reach marketable size in half the usual time.

Susan Mahoney, education co-ordinator, loads visitors with pamphlets and papers by Ark staff—on aquaculture and horticulture, on greenhouse management and design, compost and self-sufficiency. Mahoney answers 250 letters a month, and writes about 15 detailed replies a week. The Ark's one-day workshops draw participants from all over the Maritimes. Gerrit Moleman, a teacher in Sackville, N.B., was inspired by a greenhouse workshop to build one at his school.

Wells hopes that some of the Ark research will continue, though his funding proposals have not been answered. Researchers are already scattering. "Linda Gilkeson's work on solar greenhouses is the first and best in Canada," says Mahoney, "and Linda has just accepted a full PhD scholarship at Penn State, where they're delighted to get her."

All the same, many Islanders applaud the closure, having always considered the Ark a nutty dream of immigrant hippies, elitist and aloof, irrelevant to the Maritimes. One such doubter is Barry Clark, the provincial energy minister, whose department is responsible for the project. When IMK announced its termination, Clark told the legislature he was "surprised," having allocated "over $2 million to be directed to the Spry Point Ark Project over the next five years." That evening, however, he told the CBC that the Ark "was not providing any worthwhile research," and that for the cost "I don't think we've seen very much benefit from it." The Ark is an hour's drive from Clark's office, but he has never visited it.

The fate of the building has not been decided. There are various plans to turn it into a museum, a limited research centre or a demonstration project. Says Wells hopefully: "The Ark isn't just a building, it's a continuum of learning. Whatever happens at Spry Point, learning will go on." ◇



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Another David triumph over Goliath

The people of Montreal's Pointe St. Charles have won a battle, but may still lose the war

By Wayne Grigsby

On a sparkling afternoon in late spring, with the gutters freshly stripped of winter's dusty debris, it was business at its somnolent usual at the Royal Bank of Canada's branch at the corner of Wellington and Ste. Madeleine streets in the tough, working-class Pointe St. Charles district of Montreal. Two wickets open, the cordoned maze of the lineup area vacant but for a customer or three, and a giant, old-fashioned air conditioner standing by in case the dog days of July should come early. This is a bank to snooze in







PHOTOGRAPHY BY HAROLD ROSENBERG

Streets of Pointe St. Charles (above), Ferrera (left); bank on cheque-cashing day, strongly developed sense of turf

Armchairs if you're just waiting, a dome fit for a basilica to stare up into, vaulting arches to admire. If it's symbolic of anything, this branch is symbolic of the good old days of Canadian banking when a bank was a temple for hard-earned life savings.

But recently this 80 year-old bank has become a symbol of another kind. In March the Royal Bank of Canada announced that "for economic reasons" it would be forced to close the branch on April 10. The uproar that followed was spontaneous and immediate. A citizens' committee was formed, angry and voluble protest meetings were held, and grey-haired denizens of the senior citizens' homes that dot the neighborhood shouldered placards to picket the bank. Other protestors harassed the staff by opening and closing three and four accounts in a day, sometimes depositing as little as 50 cents. Amazing as it may seem, the tactics worked. In a decision that came as a real jaw-dropping shock to everyone in the Pointe, the Royal Bank agreed to keep the branch open.

The good news was stunning for the bank's clients—victory doesn't come very often to the people of Pointe St. Charles. Once a proud and prosperous home to wave after wave of Irish, Scottish and English carpenters, stonemasons and tradesmen of all kinds, the Pointe is now the largest pocket of anglophone poverty in Quebec. Official unemployment runs at 40 per cent and there has been a massive exodus of the large manufacturing concerns that in the past provided jobs for the proud workers of the Pointe.

Nowadays it's more than $13 million a year in welfare, unemployment and old-age benefits that fuel the Pointe's crippled economy. An aging, dwindling population that squeaks by on welfare and pension cheques doesn't need mortgages and often can't provide the collateral needed to secure personal loans. In short, the Royal Bank of Canada wasn't making money in the Pointe. "The branch has been a losing proposition for four or five years," says Guy Bisaillon, the Royal's assistant general manager for the region. Even those who fought to save the branch admit the only time the bank has lineups is at the first of the month, when the folks of the neighborhood cash their welfare and pension cheques. But the Wellington and Ste. Madeleine branch is the last branch of a major bank in that area, and the Pointe's curious geography—it's cut in half by railway tracks and separated from the rest of Montreal by a canal—means that while there may be other banks within a two-kilometre radius, they're all difficult to get at, especially for senior citizens. "You've got five senior citizens' homes within five minutes of that branch," explains Ruth Farrera, the feisty 62-year-old driving force behind a drop-in centre for "the seniors" (as she calls them) and



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Whyte pricked the Pointe's pride

a veteran of community battles to improve transportation, health care and the treatment of welfare recipients.

The Royal Bank's offer to transfer all accounts to another branch two kilometres away met with sniffs of disapproval. For senior citizens, extra travel means extra exposure to wicked weather in winter, to muggers and hooligans the rest of the year. Besides, that branch is in Verdun, a suburb of Montreal. There's a strongly developed sense of turf in the Pointe. For many, crossing the boundary into Verdun to do their banking would mean, in some small way, betraying their own community. But the nettle buried deep at the heart of the problem is language. In Montreal's grand tradition of unspoken and subtle distinctions, the Verdun bank is considered to be "French" while the branch in the Pointe is "English." At both branches the staff is predominantly French-speaking, but through force of custom and clientele, the atmospheres have turned out differently.

Pointe St. Charles isn't as English as it used to be. The linguistic split is roughly 40 per-cent anglophone, 60-per-cent francophone. But Pointe St. Charles is still Anglo Montreal's touchstone—its bedrock. In the worried days that followed the Parti Québecois' ascent to power in 1976, English-speaking Montrealers cast about for something to hang onto, some defining spirit. They found it in the Pointe. Upper-middle-class Montrealers, many of whom would have trouble finding Pointe St. Charles on the map, bought scalped tickets and turned out in droves to cheer on spunky working-class heroes from the Pointe in David Fennario's plays: *On the Job*, *Nothing to Lose* and *Balconville*, which went on to tour Canada and play London's Old Vic. From his sports columnist's watchtower at *The Gazette*, Tim Burke fanned the flames of nostalgia for the hard-nosed, elbows-up teams that came out of working-class districts like the Pointe in the good old days, and blamed the decline of Anglo-Montreal on

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After three centuries, Canadians are still discovering Hudson's Bay.

accommodating liberals and the disappearance of that fighting spirit. Canon Bill Whyte, the gregarious and outspoken minister of Grace Church and a leader of the campaign to keep the bank open, pricked more than the Pointe's pride when addressing meetings. "We're not second-class citizens!" hollered the 64-year-old insurance-broker-turned-clergyman. "We're not scruff! We deserve a bank! We helped build that bank!" His scrappy appeal suited the Pointe's image of itself down to the ground: underdogs again, scorned, put-upon, yet getting up off the canvas to play David to the Royal's behemoth, unfeeling, corporate Goliath. Had the Royal Bank decided to close a branch in any other English-speaking district of Montreal, news editors would scarcely have noticed. Because it was the Pointe, guardian of the roots, there was a thicket of microphones, cameras and notebooks at every twist and turn in the story.

The proprietary interest in the Pointe is becoming literal. The small trickle of smart young house-hunters snapping up bargain-priced housing in the area (structurally solid but neglected houses still go for as little as $20,000) is showing signs of turning into a stream, encouraged by the City of Montreal. Prodded by the district's persistent and committed city councillor, Yves Magnan, city hall recently decided to make the rejuvenation of the Pointe a priority. So far, the work is largely cosmetic, but there are plans for co-op housing.



Magnan: working-class heroes

From behind his gleaming desk in his newly refurbished office, Magnan looks ahead. Down the street the family lumberyard rumbles on into its third generation of solid business. Beneath his feet the legendary Magnan's tavern, serving 1,800 kg a week of the best roast beef in the city. He could afford to live in a tonier part of town, but 53-year-old Magnan chooses to live in and fight for Pointe St. Charles. He's well aware of the cynicism out there on the streets. The Pointe has heard it all before: the city's promises to undo years of neglect, businesses' promises to keep the doors open. But Magnan thinks it's for real this time. Now the impetus for reform and renovation is coming from the citizens of Pointe St. Charles.

But the Pointe still has doubts. Customers of the saved Royal Bank emerge frustrated at the compromise working hours of the branch, now open four days a week from 10 to 12, then 1 to 3. Domenic Adonato, who has clipped hair in the Pointe for 25 years, five of them across the street from the Royal Bank, thinks it's all a big sham. Warming to the topic, he leaves a carrot-topped youngster under the rinse tap to free his hands for the arm-waving that punches home his conspiracy theory. "They're gonna close that branch, you wait," he insists loudly. "This is just the little bit of meat you give to the barking dog. Next time you slip it the poison."

Expansive in the warmth of a pre-summer afternoon, Peter Gutman, a 42-year-old cab driver born and bred in the Pointe, puts the Pointe's attitude about the Pointe's future in a nutshell: "I'd like to believe that five or 10 years down the line there'll be a lot of restored houses in the Pointe," he muses. "I'd like to believe that the Pointe's on the upswing, but [illegible]." These dots are eternal in Pointe St. Charles.

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FOLLOW-UP

Back to maternity wards

A growing number of women, who object to the clinical atmosphere and the use of drugs and surgery in hospital births, are choosing to have their babies at home. These women willingly trade off the potential risks for the comfort of a relaxed and supportive environment. As the movement has grown, it has fired an emotional debate between doctors and home birth advocates (*Maclean's*, Dec. 10, 1979).

Now, concern over safety has prompted one province to act. The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Alberta (CPSA) has recently banned doctors from attending home births, except in emergencies. The penalties range from a fine of up to $1,000 to the revocation of a licence. "We have met with opposition," says CPSA registrar Dr. Roy Le Riche, "but we have stuck our necks out for the safety of babies and mothers." The college claims it took the drastic measure because it learned that a baby had died during a home delivery. "We are aware that people have free choice," he notes, "but we don't want them to force doctors to participate."

The 150-member Edmonton Association for Safe Alternatives in Childbirth (ASAC) opposes the ban. Says President Sandra Dowie, who gave birth to a baby girl at home two years ago: "They have no research evidence to support the ruling." A recent study published in the American Medical Association journal shows that in North Carolina during 1974 to 1976, there was a mortality rate of 12 per 1,000 live hospital births. During the same period there were 934 planned home births. Of those supervised by midwives, only three infants died. For 55 births supervised by doctors, no deaths were reported. ASAC fears that parents desiring home birth will now "be forced into going it alone without medical attention."

Other provincial medical associations say they will not follow Alberta's lead, but they publicly disapprove of home births. Under eight provincial medical acts, the practice of midwifery can only be performed by a licensed physician. (Only in Newfoundland are midwives licensed to practise solo.) This implicitly restricts home birth, because there are few doctors willing to attend a home delivery. Consequently, the future of the movement relies heavily on the lay midwives' efforts at legalization.

The most vocal group is the 120-member B.C. Association of Midwives, which is drafting legislation to legalize the practice of lay midwifery by establishing a school to train and license. (Its efforts suffered a setback two months ago when Margaret Marsh, 53, of Saanich, B.C., was convicted and fined $10 for practising midwifery without a licence, the first conviction of its kind in Canada.) Another active group, the newly formed Ontario Association of Midwives in Guelph, is holding a conference this summer. And in Montreal, midwife Jennie Stonier, who claims "the demand for home birth is high," has just started a co-operative called Alternative Naissance.

Aware that the ban was not popular, the Alberta college agreed to reinvestigate the safety of home births. Although ASAC's Dowie is pleased, she remains wary. "We are concerned that they will not allow us to participate in the debate or rebut their evidence. I feel like I'm fighting the equivalent of the church 200 years ago." —JUNE ROGERS

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WORLD

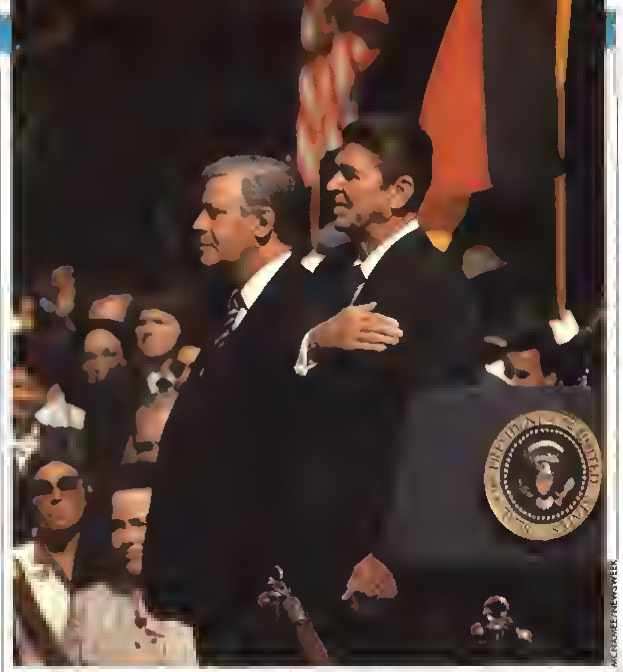
By Michael Posner

It has been a rotten spring for Helmut Schmidt. The West German economy is in recession, plagued by high interest rates and a falling deutsche mark. From the left wing of his own party the chancellor is under attack, principally over the 1979 NATO decision to station theatre nuclear forces (TNF) on German soil. His strongest ally in Europe, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, has been thrown out of office. And while struggling to assert control of the domestic situation, Schmidt has been criticized by some Americans for playing too cosy with Moscow, forging political and economic links that will make Germany more vulnerable to Soviet pressure.

With a hand that thus seems considerably weaker than it was even a year ago, Schmidt came to Washington last week to meet Reagan and company. He came less as a supplicant than a lecturer, explaining to the administration that the U.S. policy of high interest rates carries grave risks, not only for the German economy but for Europe. If a 20-per-cent prime rate should long persist, the chancellor warned, it will lead to further instability of the Eurodollar and higher levels of unemployment, both phenomena carry some painful memories for Europeans.

Similarly, Schmidt recited for the president the history of the 1979 NATO decision to modernize its forces, positioning 572 Cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe. In a nation roughly the size of Oregon and as densely populated as America's northeast corridor, any move to station nuclear arms is going to generate a fair amount of debate. Hence, the critical importance of the parallel track—simultaneous negotiations with the Soviet Union to limit those very weapons. Secretary of State Alexander Haig will meet his Soviet counterpart, Andrei Gromyko, at the United Nations in September. Schmidt would prefer an advanced timetable, something to show his critics the Americans are serious about arms limitation, but he did not press this point in Washington as long as talks lead to negotiations, the chancellor will be content.





Schmidt with Reagan, and (below) arriving with Haig: warnings of instability

The Schmidt gospel

The German chancellor gives Reaganites a lecture

In fact, Schmidt pointed out, the 10-page communiqué issued at the close notes that preliminary talks have already commenced—although these have so far involved only Haig and the Soviet ambassador in Washington, Anatoly Dobrynin. Neatly reflecting the requirements of both sides, the communiqué contains enough anti-Soviet language to appease the Americans, and enough stress on the need for arms negotiations to satisfy public opinion in West Germany.

Addressing the German press at the end of his visit, Schmidt declared himself pleased with the results, as much for the ambience as for substance. He clearly feels more comfortable with Ronald Reagan than he ever did with Jimmy Carter, and at one point emerged from the White House telling aides: "I like that man." He said the Americans presented "no surprises," a clear reference to the inconsistency that characterized Carter-Schmidt summits.

Despite this generally roseate hue, it is conceded by most Western military analysts that the NATO alliance is facing a dangerous period. As they have for two decades or more, the Soviets pos-

sess quantitative and qualitative advantages in both conventional and strategic forces in Europe. But that edge is now enhanced by the growing Soviet lead in intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs). If Europe cannot ultimately depend on the deterrent power of American ICBMs, then it will increasingly be drawn into the Soviet sphere of influence. "Surrender on the instalment plan," as Senator Arthur Vandenburg once called it.

It is surely no coincidence that a report reaching just these conclusions was issued during Schmidt's trip to Washington. Chaired by former U.S. ambassador to West Germany Kenneth Rush, a panel of the Atlantic Council spent two years studying the credibility of the NATO deterrent. It concluded the alliance must expand its frame of reference since the threat to NATO is now as much from the Middle East and the Third World as it is from Europe. At the oilfields of the Persian Gulf and the mineral resources of Africa, the West's ability to respond to those threats must be significantly improved.

That, the report concedes, is more easily said than done. The U.S. and Europe perceive the nature of the Soviet threat quite differently, and it is not at all clear how to reconcile these views. The Europeans regard détente as a decided plus, bestowing cultural and economic benefits. America sees it as a lever to divide the alliance. There are other arguments—on the Middle East, on trade—but defining the scope of Soviet intentions remains the central difficulty. Resolving it will test the statesmanship of Schmidt and Reagan alike.

With files from Jutta Hennig

Japan

A question of self-defence

As diplomatic pas de deux go, the one between President Ronald Reagan and Japanese Premier Zenko Suzuki in Washington last May 7 and 8, when Suzuki came under heavy pressure to up Japanese defence spending, was uneasy. Despite a surface appearance of harmony, irritants in the relationship between Tokyo and Washington remained. Last week that point was embarrassingly underlined by the latest in a series of crises which, in the short period since the summit, have put bilateral relations on the slide and left one partner, Washington, looking clumsy and overbearing and the other, Tokyo, like an ingenue on the diplomatic stage.

Last week's blockbuster was the disclosure by former U.S. ambassador Edwin Reischauer to *The Mainichi Daily News* of a fact long known in diplomatic circles: for the past 21 years nuclear-armed U.S. ships had been docking in Japanese harbors without prior consultation with the Japanese government. That brought an immediate, furious reaction from the Tokyo press, and from opposition politicians outraged because the government maintained that a 1968 law requiring that the U.S. must apply for and be granted permission before

Suzuki (below), Ito announces resignation: acrimonious exchanges in cabinet





dockings had been rigorously observed. Socialist Party Chairman Ichio Asukata charged that for 21 years the ruling Liberal-Democratic Party had "cheated" the public and "raised the threat of nuclear attacks around Japanese ports by enemies of the U.S." Public alarm was increased by official attempts to play down the issue—and by conflicting statements by Suzuki, who at one point told reporters that nuclear-armed U.S. ships might be granted permission to dock after due consultation, only to deny, two hours later, that they would be permitted to do so under any circumstances.

It was the timing of the Reischauer revelations, however, that was the most damaging factor. The question of lack of consultation between Japan and the U.S. over removal of the U.S. embargo on grain shipments to the Soviet Union had been one of the thorny issues when Suzuki was in Washington. After his return, the newspapers, suspicious over how far he had given way on the arms spending issue, were quick to seize on the use of the term "alliance," in a reference to the two nations' ties, in the final communiqué. This, it was pointed out, appeared to infringe the provisions of the Japanese Constitution, which forbids use of Japanese forces except in self-defence.

In the ensuing confusion Suzuki blamed Foreign Minister Masayoshi Ito for the word's appearance. And after acrimonious exchanges, Ito took responsibility and resigned. But Ito's supporters did not fail to point out that Suzuki had personally approved the communiqué with the offending word in it. To dampen public fears that a new deal had been struck with Washington, Ito's replacement, Sunao Sonoda, last week went out of his way to demonstrate Japanese independence, launching a verbal barrage against U.S. naval ships for destroying Japanese trawler's nets. He also made it clear that he would not be in Tokyo this month to receive U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig (who then cancelled his visit) and called off U.S.-Japanese naval exercises under way in the Sea of Japan two days before their scheduled close.

At week's end, therefore, there were hurt feelings in Washington as well as in Tokyo. But while American and some Japanese commentators were laying much of the blame on Suzuki's muddled approach, other observers in Tokyo pointed out that it had been U.S. pressure on Japan to increase defence spending that had fuelled Japanese anxieties in the first place.

—JAMES FLEMING

With files from Suzanne Firth.

U.S. dwarfs Japanese fishing boat in the Sea of Japan: clumsy and overbearing



Ireland

The absent persuaders

The great passion of Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey is horses. But he prefers to breed and race them rather than gamble. Last week, however, Haughey was forced into the biggest gamble of his political career: calling a general election for June 11. He had been planning an early summer election almost since the day, more than a year ago, when he helped depose his predecessor, Jack Lynch. What he could not foresee was that he would be going to the country accompanied by a procession of coffins containing the emaciated remains of IRA hunger strikers from Belfast's Maze prison.

Four now have died and at least one more could do so during the three-week election campaign south of the border. No one, least of all Haughey and his political opponents, knows what the effect will be on their voters. Many believe that for the first time in decades Ulster, instead of such safer topics as jobs, inflation and welfare, could become the key issue in a southern election. If, as many believe, the prison deaths are making the southern Irish more nationalistic, that should favor Haughey's Fianna Fáil (Republican) party. But there are dangers for him and they come as much from within Fianna Fáil as from without.

So far, Haughey has been able to back out of the glare of publicity generated by the fasts, offering tea and sympathy to the strikers' relatives but refusing their demands that he publicly support the prisoners. But that tactic may become more difficult during a campaign. Already one back-bench Fianna Fáil MP has publicly criticized Haughey for being too soft on the British in general and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher in particular. The Irish premier is uncomfortably aware that it was the Republican wing of his party that supported him in the leadership race.

In other days the solution would have been simple. Irish politicians were on safe ground firing salvos at the old enemy. But Haughey has set great store by the Anglo-Irish talks on a solution to the Ulster problem, initiated by himself and Thatcher in December. And while their status is not at all clear—officials are continuing their explorations but have no information on when they might report—what is clear is that Haughey's hopes of using the talks as an election winner have foundered on the twin rocks of the hunger strikers' determination and Thatcher's inflexibility.

The Fine Gael (United Ireland) opposition, too, has its problems. Its leader, Garrett FitzGerald, distrusts the Anglo-Irish talks, preferring attempts to get the two Ulster communities together. But with the deaths last week of hunger strikers Raymond McCreesh, 24, and Patsy O'Hara, 24, that, too, looks less likely—and not only because of the accompanying violence. Last week's local council elections in Ulster were a bitter blow for moderates. On the Protestant side, Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionists hammered the official unionists. Among Catholics, veteran moderate politician Gerry Fitt lost his Belfast council seat to a leading H-block campaigner.

The structure of southern politics is more stable. But Dublin politicians will have to respond to this kind of mood. At week's end Thatcher was holding the line in the Maze and on the streets. But what was left of an Irish consensus, it seemed, might be slipping from her grasp.

—BRENDAN KEENAN

Haughey (right), and McCreesh funeral procession: uncertain election chances





Britain

'Ripper' comes to judgment

Never in the long and gory annals of British murder had there been a trial like it. After the biggest manhunt in police history, the "Yorkshire Ripper"—Bradford truck driver Peter Sutcliffe, 34—was finally called to account last week for the gruesome slayings of 13 women aged between 16 and 47, and the attempted murder of seven more. Sutcliffe claimed voices from God gave him a "divine mission" to kill prostitutes, and psychiatrists trooped into the witness box at London's Old Bailey to testify their belief that he was suffering from paranoid schizophrenia. But as the 17-day trial ended, it looked as if the doctors, too, were in the dock rejecting Sutcliffe's plea of diminished responsibility and the unanimous medical opinion, the jury decided by a 10-to-2 majority that Sutcliffe knew what he was doing and was guilty of murder on all counts.

Handing down the statutory life sentence, Judge Leslie Boreham told the impassive, dark-bearded prisoner, who had been described in his youth as timid and shy with women, that he would serve a minimum of 30 years and that he hoped in this case "life" would mean "precisely what it says." Sutcliffe's 30-year-old wife, Sonia, who has a history of mental illness and once thought she was the second Christ, was not in court to hear the sentence. Later she told a Yorkshire newspaper she still loved

Sutcliffe and Sonia: so normal at home



him when he told her he was the Ripper, she could not believe it "because he had behaved so normally at home."

In his five-year reign of terror, which began in Leeds in 1975 and embraced several northern industrial cities, the Yorkshire Ripper slaughtered prostitutes, students and housewives, left 23 children motherless and seven women with physical and mental scars they will bear for life. His method was invariably the same: a blow on the head from behind, sometimes with a brick but usually with an engineer's ball peen hammer, followed by savage mutilations in the chest and lower abdomen with a knife, chisel or giant crosshead screwdriver.

Sutcliffe, once a Roman Catholic altar-server, was a 19-year-old grave digger when he claimed to hear a mumbling voice coming from a cross in a cemetery. When he began his murderous career 10 years later, he claimed that the voice gave him a "divine mission" to kill prostitutes. But the killings became indiscriminate, and he admitted he would probably kill again if freed. "The mission is only partly fulfilled."

His claim to be insane, however, was undermined by a police witness who heard him tell his wife he would only get "10 years in a loony bin" if he could persuade the court he was mad. The doctors themselves admitted he could have fooled them, though he would have to be, as one said, "a competent actor." In the end the jury of six men and six women, taking six hours, decided he was just that. —CAROL KENNEDY

Geneva

A formula for discord

Seven years of controversy over the promotion of infant formula in the Third World were capped last week when the United States was the sole dissenter over the adoption, at the annual assembly of the World Health Organization (WHO) in Geneva, of a code recommending a total ban on advertising. "Absurd, a sellout to commercial interests," commented Canada's Nancy Hawley, a member of the International Baby Foods Action Network (IBFAN), which has lobbied consistently in support of the code. In Washington, two officials of the Agency for International Development—Dr. Stephen Joseph, a pediatrician, and Eugene Babb, an administrator—resigned in protest.

The controversy began in 1974 when Nestlé, the Swiss multinational, sued persistent critics over their charge that unrestrained promotion of infant formula in developing countries undermined breast-feeding and compounded malnutrition. Nestlé won the case on a technicality. But the industry was sufficiently alarmed to form the International Council for Infant Food Industries (ICIFI). Both ICIFI and IBFAN were present in force last week, charging each other with "dirty tricks." On the eve of the debate, confidential U.S. government cables were leaked by IBFAN, reporting that ICIFI hoped Canada and Australia would take WHO to the International Court of Justice for "procedural irregularities" if the code was rammed through. Canadian delegates angrily refuted the charge.

Babb (left) and Joseph: 'a sell-out'



So thick was the atmosphere that the real health issues—and the merits of the code—became increasingly obscured. Eventually, the United States concluded that any virtues were outweighed by the code's attack on the U.S. Constitution and anti-trust legislation. Other Western delegations were less concerned. Canada's Health Minister Monique Bégin pointed out that the code leaves it up to governments to apply as many or as few of its provisions—it also bans special displays, free samples and bonuses for salesmen and insists that a mother can only acquire formula on prescription—as they choose. In Canada, said Bégin, breast-feeding is being encouraged and infant formula camping outlawed in many hospitals. She pledged to continue talks with the provincial governments on this issue. But the wider controversy is far from over. The WHO has yet to see that the code is implemented, and some officials fear the animosity aroused by the campaign may sour the follow-up. There is also the question of priorities. IBFAN campaigners were meeting in Geneva this week to plan strategy, and some favor moving to other issues, like the indiscriminate selling of Western drugs in the Third World.

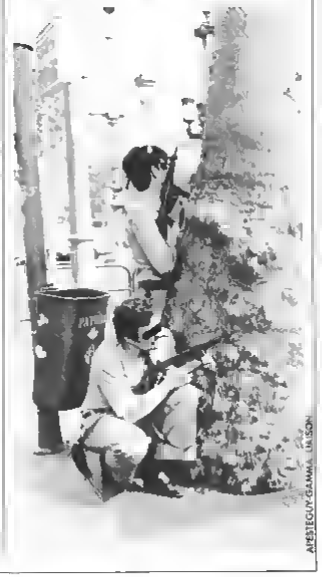
The companies, for their part, have already begun the counterattack. While Nestlé (sales in 1980: $14 billion) is going through a rough period—last week's annual meeting in Lausanne received a bomb threat, and 30 shareholders combined to press for more responsible policies—35 per cent of its sales are in the Third World. So there is much at stake, and no one doubts companies will soon be knocking on the doors of health ministries, pointing out the drawbacks of the new WHO code. —IAIN GUEST

Spain

Black Saturday in Barcelona

It was a busy Saturday in the Banco Central on Barcelona's Plaza de Cataluna, a favorite haunt for tourists and pigeons. Then just before 10 a.m. at least 20 hooded men burst into the building, taking up to 250 customers and employees hostage. When police arrived, gunmen fired into the street and issued a warning: if anyone tried to storm the building, explosive devices al-

Anti-terrorist squad members (faces blacked out by police) in position near bank. Instruments of destabilization



ready in place would be set off. Then they demanded the release within 72 hours of four military officers arrested after the Feb. 23 attempted coup, among them Lt.-Col. Antonio Tejero Molina, the man who held 300 deputies in parliament at pistol point for 18 hours. Otherwise, they said, a hostage would die for every hour's delay in executing their demand. Initially, however, the threat was not carried out, and about 50 hostages were released in batches over the weekend.

As Premier Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo held an emergency meeeting of the National Security Council, 60 members of the anti-terrorist Special Operations Group, dispatched from Madrid, took up positions around the building. Tejero, awaiting trial in a fortress in the northwestern port of El Ferrol, issued a statement through his lawyer, disassociating himself from the incident and calling for the hostages' release. Argentina, the chosen destination of the gunman, refused to give them asylum. So besiegers and besieged at the bank settled down for a long wait.

The hostage-taking was the first overt move by right-wing extremists since the February coup. But ever since then the "ultras" have been in a jaunty mood. Premier Sotelo makes no move without pausing to consider its effect on the military, many of whom do not conceal their support for the insurrectionists, who seize on every terrorist outrage as evidence that democracy has failed. In recent weeks they have had plenty of opportunity. An aide to King Juan Carlos was attacked by Basque separatists, while the shadowy October First Anti-Fascist Resistance Groups (GRAPO) claimed the lives of two civil guards, a policeman and a general earlier this month.

Founded as the military arm of the Reconstituted Spanish Communist Party, a splinter group from the official Communist Party led by Santiago Carrillo, GRAPO has claimed 29 victims since it began operations in October, 1975, at the end of the Franco era. But many politicians believe it has since been infiltrated or taken over by rightists as an instrument of destabilization. As the leading newspaper *El Pais* points out, its "provocations give rise to the suspicion that we are faced by a full-blown montage—the question is, who is the architect?"

That question may never be answered. As right-wingers demonstrate against "terrorism," singing Fascist songs and chanting *dictatorship si*, the highly charged atmosphere is ideal for an exploit like the seizure of the Banco Central—timed ominously as celebrations for this week's Armed Forces' Day were already beginning—or for another attempt at a coup. —DAVID BAIRD

U.S.A.



Percy (left) confers with nominee Lefever: flip side of human rights

'Silent diplomacy means surrender'

Opposition mounts to Reagan's human rights nominee

By Michael Posner

If little else, the Reagan administration is giving American liberals ample opportunity for venting their moral outrage. Evidence accumulates almost daily: proposals for cutting social security benefits, banning federal funds for abortion, easing restrictions on strip-mining and the U.S. vote in Geneva (see page 24) on promoting baby formulas in Third World nations. All of these moves have produced some impressive displays of indignation. But the strongest and loudest show of opposition came last week during Senate confirmation hearings on Ernest Lefever, the president's nominee to head the department of state's bureau of human rights.

It is fair to say that human rights policy does not rank very highly on the Republican agenda. The problem is not that conservatives abjure the importance of human rights; on this issue their principles are as virtuous and their rhetoric as stirring as any voiced by Jimmy Carter. The problem—at least as liberal Democrats perceive it—is that Reagan will never lean on an ally either to restrain its obvious excesses or to widen those civil and religious freedoms Western societies take for granted.

In a sense, the Reagan doctrine on human rights is simply the flip side of Carter's. Both men draw a distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian regimes. The Carterites made some noises about abuses in totalitarian countries, but on the whole their ire was reserved for such authoritarian governments as Argentina, on the grounds that a quasi-ally would be more susceptible to American moral suasion.

For any human rights purist, of course, the distinction between authoritarian and totalitarian is spurious. Torture in Buenos Aires is torture in Minsk. It is the role of the United States, like any signatory to various international agreements, to expose abuses wherever they may occur. To which the Reaganites say, how are these legal obligations best fulfilled? Not by picking on our friends. If Jimmy



JACK MANN/NEWSWEEK PICTURE

Timarman: the most eloquent testimony

Carter saved some lives in Argentina, his policy also dissuaded the generals from going along with the Carter embargo on grain sales to the Soviet Union, their refusal to fall into line effectively guaranteed the embargo's failure Far better, the present administration believes, to use "quiet diplomacy" among friends and to point the public finger at confirmed enemies—i e, the Communist bloc Human rights policies must not be allowed to supersede realpolitik

Enter Ernest Lefever, a 61-year-old theologian and head of the Institute for Ethics and Public Policy, a Washington think tank Two years ago, appearing before the House subcommittee on human rights, Lefever called for removal of all statutes that limit American foreign policy by setting standards other nations must meet "In a formal sense," Lefever said then, "the U S has no responsibility—and certainly no authority—to promote human rights in other sovereign states." During a day of tough questioning last week, he recanted that testimony, saying he had "goofed "

The opposition to Lefever, which he has criticized as Marxist-inspired, is both broad and impassioned. But of all the witnesses who testified against his nomination, none was more eloquent than one of the hearing's silent spectators—Jacobo Timerman, the Buenos Aires newspaper publisher illegally jailed for 40 months by Argentine authorities Although he appeared only briefly on Capitol Hill, Timerman's presence has loomed like an accusing spectre over the entire debate The book that describes his torture, *Prison without a name, Cell without a number*, is now in its fourth printing His lucid, terrifying message was repeated to reporters last week. "Silent diplomacy is silence, quiet diplomacy is surrender " It was only by making his disappearance a matter of international attention that the Carter administration forced the Argentine dictators to keep Timerman alive and, finally, to permit his emigration to Israel

Lefever's nomination now seems to be in trouble in committee, and not only because of his human rights philosophies His institute's fund-raising methods have been questioned, and there are some who think he is caught in a damaging conflict of interest—having discussed the U S position on infant formula marketing with U.S Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick while still on salary from the policy centre and serving at the state department American formula manufacturers were generous contributors to the institute's treasury At week's end, Senate foreign relations committee chairman Charles Percy privately advised the president to withdraw the nomination, the White House publicly declined, believing it can persuade the full Senate to confirm Lefever But whatever the fate of Lefever, it is clear the Reagan administration means to give human rights a new and much lower profile, useful for flogging the Soviet Union, but very little else ◇

More acid rain in the forecast

Bustling down the corridors of Congress last week, dapper Don Bonker was clearly pleased with himself He had just chaired a two-hour meeting on acid rain and the Canadian connection "Well, now we have all the information, we know what we're talking about," he said Bonker, a Democrat from the state of Washington and chairman of the House subcommittee on human rights and international organizations, wasn't the least concerned at the poor turnout for the joint session he had arranged with the subcommittee on inter-American affairs. "It certainly doesn't reflect on the concern that congressmen have about acid rain being shipped over the border into Canada," he said The two subcommittees have a total membership of 15 But the meeting opened with only seven members, and the number quickly dropped to Bonker and one or two others who drifted in and out. "You must remember this is a busy week for Congress, with the Memorial Day weekend coming up and budget legislation pending," said Bonker consolingly

One Canadian who clearly had not remembered, however, was John Roberts, minister of the environment, who made a two-day visit to Washington to "touch bases with people on the Hill" and to discuss, among other subjects, acid rain After finding several appointments with congressmen being broken or changed, he somewhat ruefully had to cancel a previously announced press conference "because I have nothing to say." In contrast, the five expert witnesses invited by Bonker had a great deal to say—much of it little comfort to Canada After asserting that American delegates to this week's U S -Canadian Interparliamentary Group meeting in Halifax would want to "appear co-operative with their hosts," Congressman Toby Moffett (D-Conn) went on to explain why co-operation would be impossible. Moffett said there were a number of elements that suggested it would be "impossible to promise that an effective acid rain policy" would emerge from this year's Clean Air Act rewrite They included the administration's game plan, featuring Secretary of the Interior James Watt as "the grand strategist in the clean air debate," the subordinate position accorded the Enviromental Protection Agency in administration planning, the commerce committee's intantion to revise downward environmental protection and literature published by groups such as the Edison Electric Institute and the Business Roundtable

That reading was endorsed by James N Barnes, an attorney with the International Project of the Center for Law and Social Policy, a public-interest law firm representing six of America's largest environmental groups He called for immediate toughening of pollution controls But the last word came from Joseph Dowd, senior vice-president and general counsel of the American Electric Power Co Accusing Canadian federal and provincial governments of conducting a "misleading propaganda campaign," he said there was no proof that acidity of Canadian lakes was caused by pollution from U.S companies Additional pollution controls would "impose great economic burdens on the financially troubled utility industry and on the soft Midwestern economy." In other words, they would cost too much

—WILLIAM LOWTHER

Roberts (right) and host James Blanchard. few congressmen turned out



Explosive epidemic

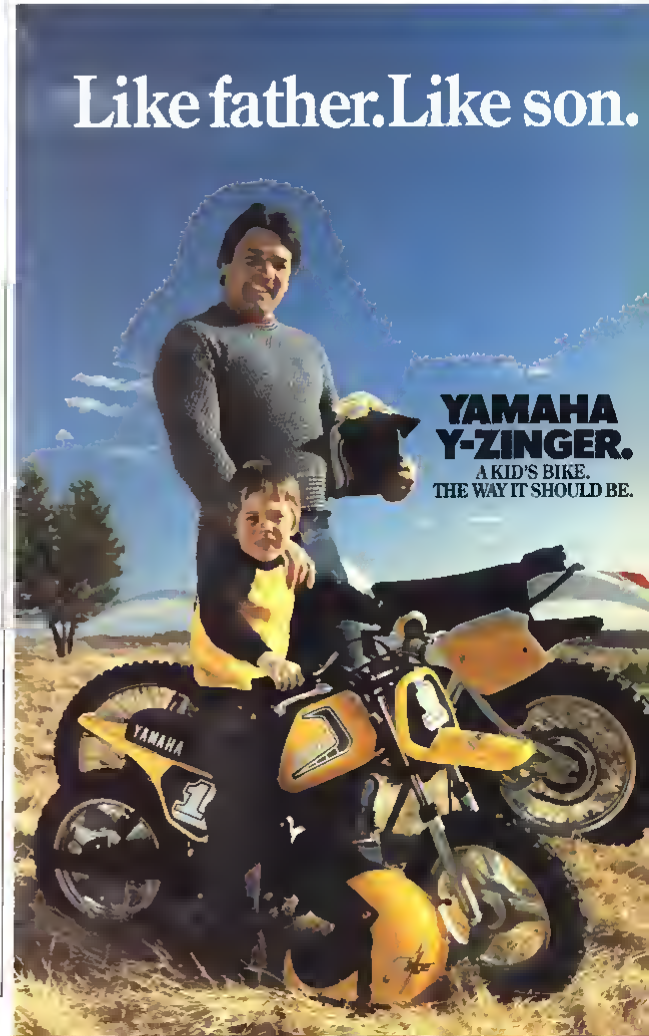
Even though he's trained to deal with explosive events, Lieut Charles Luisi, head of the New York police department's bomb squad, may have found events last week—when New York City experienced the biggest bomb scare for some years—a trifle too much Three bombs were found at the PanAm terminal at Kennedy International Airport, one of which exploded, killing an airline worker Three more were discovered at the U.S mission to the UN, at the UN garage and at the Honduran Consulate in Manhattan In addition, the police department received as many as 200 bomb threats a day, forcing evacuation of such landmarks as the Chrysler Building, parts of the World Trade Center and the Bronx Criminal Court.

Removing bomb from Honduran Consulate: biggest scare in a decade



Police believed at least five of the six bombs—short lengths of small bore pipe—were the work of the Puerto Rican Armed Resistance, a little-known terrorist group In telephone calls to police and newspapers, spokesmen for the group condemned the U S for training "counterrevolutionary soldiers to obliterate the popular fight of the Salvadoran people." Despite this revolutionary rhetoric, however, there were no real suspects, and by week's end the bombers had widened their activity Explosive devices were found in a Hamden, Conn., shopping mall and a Boston bus station

The only people to take a measure of comfort from this explosive situation were the security firms. They were inundated with requests for guards and detection devices Said Carmine Pellosie, vice-president of one firm "We've received calls from 10 embassies and about 30 companies on the *Fortune* 500, and they're very nervous " He could tell that to Luisi —RITA CHRISTOPHER

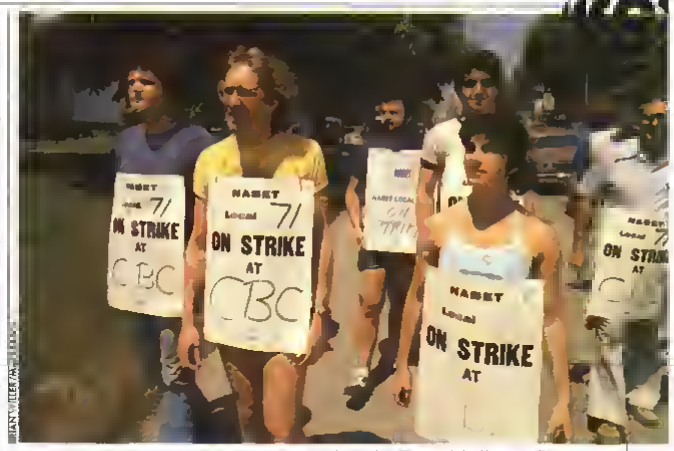


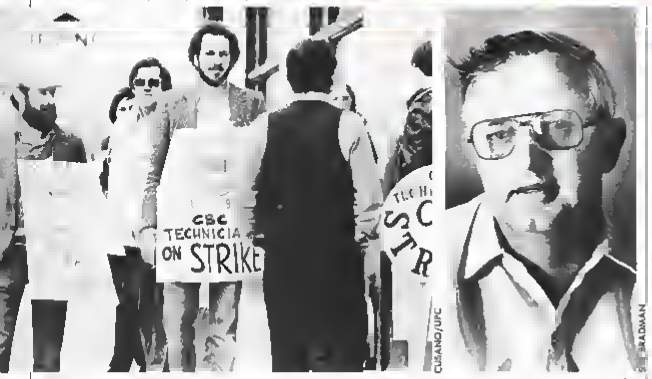
Video games people play

The CBC and its technicians are at it again, so please do not adjust your set

By Malcolm Gray

For watchers of late-night local news on the CBC last week it was a trip back in time to the early days of television: announcers in loud suits sitting before blank walls instead of the montage of graphics that usually flash along behind them while they read the items. The graphics—with film clips and other electronic garnishes nowadays taken for granted—were there on a shortened version of *The National* as the television network's supervisors put on the show without technicians. Local shows, though, were largely talking heads and rustling piles of news copy. The corporation's radio networks were also muddling along, hit by a surprise walkout over contract provisions. National programs such as *Morningside*, *As It Happens* and the daily information shows rely heavily on studio interviews, and, with 2,100 technicians out across the country, those programs were replaced with an eclectic selection of recorded music, awkward pauses and chatter. The voices were familiar even if the formats were not as most CBC announcers crossed picket lines set up around studios.





NABET strikers picketing studios in Toronto (top) and Halifax, inset. Steel: tuning in hidden meanings

The walkout last Thursday by the people who edit tape, operate sound booms and focus cameras, among other things, cut short a two-week truce meant to prevent program disruptions. Contract negotiations have been dragging on for 13 months, and while the technicians, who earn between $11,064 and $23,865 a year, want more than the 10-per-cent raise offered, the real issue is job security. With the rise of independent film production companies (responsible for documentaries such as *Ten Thousand Day War* shown on the CBC last year), the corporation wants to farm out contracts without having to check with the union every time it does so. In return, the CBC has offered job guarantees to the technicians now on staff and promised to maintain the number of shows now put together within its walls.

"We have to move on now to meet the rapid changes taking place in the industry today," said Clive Mason, acting assistant general manager of CBC's English services division, writing in an internal newsletter. "More outside firms are producing information electronically, and the CBC must have the choice to take advantage of such programming, but we don't see this as any threat to the employment of individual members." So far the union, the National Association of Broadcast Employees and Technicians (NABET), isn't buying. It sees dark hidden meanings in CBC code words such as "flexibility" and "efficiency." The jobs are guaranteed, said Ken Steel, NABET's Ontario director, but not where staff cuts can be made because of increased efficiency or programs being scrapped due to reduced budgets. "That guarantee isn't worth the paper it's written on," he said. "There are 101 ways to reduce staff and get around the guarantee, and we wouldn't be able to prove anything." The union wants to keep things the way they are now, with the CBC needing its approval before work is put out on contract, management wants that changed, contending it is merely a matter of programming decisions.

The two sides were talking again at week's end, but if the strike continues for any length of time production of fall television programs could be affected. CBC's reduced newscasts and repeated programs are annoying to regulars deprived of their daily electronic fix, but in the cities and southern parts of the country, CTV, U.S. channels and cable companies provide alternatives. Further north though, where CBC radio and television provide the only outside news and entertainment, the summer doldrums of taped repeats and canned music, begun early, could last for weeks.

Ottawa

Home movies of a darker kind

Anne Murray is a favorite, so is *Star Wars*. Illegal copying of music and movies is costing producers up to $1 billion a year worldwide, they moan. And no one knows quite how to stop it. There are the small fry: frugal householders who make audio tapes for their own use. Then there are the bigger fish, who employ whole factories to churn out cheap bogus copies to be sold in stores whose owners are light on ethics. The producers talk of dealing with the small fry by following the German example of a special tax on blank tape. But that won't solve what is becoming the larger legal headache—dealing with the burgeoning market for videotape players and the vacuum for cheap movie cassettes that it creates. The Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) says pirated cassettes cost its member studios about $500 million last year in lost box-office revenues and cassette sales.

In Canada, the loss is about one-tenth that amount, but the potential for further bleeding is so severe that the MPAA is co-operating eagerly with the RCMP to track down offenders, and even plans to employ its own film security agent in Canada. Bob Mann, a Hollywood-based staff investigator for the MPAA, can only shake his head in disbelief when considering the problem of such huge losses generated by little more than "a cottage industry" of movie pirates. "You start with two video recorders back to back in your garage making copies for the neighbors, and then you discover that, hey, there's a market for this!"

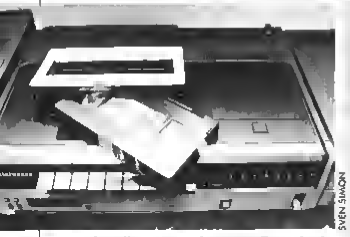
So keen is the MPAA for Canadian government aid that it offered the RCMP any Hollywood executive the cops deemed necessary to help convict an Ottawa company charged with renting "unauthorized" reproductions of Hollywood movies. Anyone up to the president of Twentieth Century-Fox was available on 24-hour notice to fly north for the action against Mooney's Bay TV, run by John St. Louis and Peter Rutenburg, and be paid the $7-a-day standard witness fee. "That wouldn't be enough to buy the man a cigar," joked the RCMP's case officer, Neal Parker. Hollywood believed it important to establish



Mann: first a cottage industry, then . . .







SVEN SIMON

DAVE RUSTON

Raided store in Ottawa: TV cassette player, a pirate in Frobisher Bay?

"case law," or precedent, in Canada for videotape piracy. Instead the pair pleaded guilty May 5 and were fined $300—or $10 per transaction, the maximum allowed under the antique Copyright Act of 1911. St. Louis insists the law is so vague he thought the tapes were legal, although the typewritten labels did not resemble the original Hollywood product and one film in the library, *Star Wars*, has never been released as a cassette. "We didn't find it that profitable, really," says St. Louis, whose store used the tapes to promote sales of videotape players. "Had I known the rules we would have played by them." His case also led to charges being laid against businessmen in Frobisher Bay, N.W.T., accused of providing St. Louis' company with pirated cassettes from a movie library they allegedly kept to entertain fellow residents of their remote Baffin Island village.

Parker now suspects the "professional element" is entering video piracy, producing packaged and labelled cassettes for sale as normal products in video stores. But with copyright laws so lenient, the RCMP is having trouble deciding whether even to try to enforce them before Parliament passes the promised update. "You have to measure it against the deterrent factor," says Parker, a constable in Ottawa's commercial fraud section. "A $300 fine, is that going to stop an operation that's making thousands?"

The harmless penalties are already encouraging record counterfeiters to move north to Canada, says Brian Robertson, president of the Canadian Recording Industry Association. "Compared to the States [which is laying racketeering and fraud charges], Canada is a very attractive alternative." Robertson suggests Canadian recording artists such as Anne Murray and the rock group Rush could be "losing easily 15 per cent of their sales" to Canadian bootleggers and counterfeiters who, Robertson claims, are costing record producers $50 million a year in Canada.

More cases of videotape piracy are coming before the courts soon, with one involving a criminal conspiracy charge—an attempt by police to invoke harsher penalties than available under the copyright laws. The video stores, naturally, are staying at least one step ahead with their emphasis on renting studio-produced tapes at a fraction of the retail cost, along with an admonition that their clients should not copy them. For this the police see no prevention. "If we shut down one of these stores," Parker reasons, "we'll have to shut down every library in town."

—IAN ANDERSON

Alberta

Death comes at bargain prices

The 18-year-old from Ontario had come west to Alberta scouting for his first full-time job when a bizarre accident tumbled him through a faulty well cover in the Edmonton suburb of Sherwood Park. To his rescue went a 45-year-old businessman, but both of them died—asphyxiated by gas leaking into the well. As esoteric as the deaths were the potential legal consequences, for under Alberta law the dead boy would be deemed worth $3,000, while the dead breadwinner would be worth $5,000 plus what the family can receive for loss of financial contribution. Had the unfortunate youth lived but been permanently disabled, on the other hand, he or his parents would have been entitled to whatever lawyers could squeeze from the court for "pain and suffering"—such settlements have been as high as $100,000; cases involving loss of income have fetched more than $1 million.

"Lawyers talking among themselves say that if you hit somebody with your car, check in your rearview mirror and, if they're kicking, back up," says Edmonton lawyer Robert White, president of the 155-member Alberta Academy of Trial Lawyers which is fighting for amendment of Alberta's Survival of Actions Act, passed in 1978. The cheaper-to-kill-than-maim provisions have touched off a fury of legal debate over the price per head the Alberta legislature places on non-wage earners—usually children and housewives. The act, unique to Alberta, established that "only those damages that resulted in actual financial loss to the deceased or his estate are recoverable"—meaning no damages are allowed for loss of life expectancy or disfigurement. "I've seen too many crying parents in the last two years," says White. "When I tell them all the insurance company of the driver of the car that killed the child has to pay is $3,000, they look at me as if I've come from another planet. 'You mean they killed my kid for $3,000?' they ask."

Supporters of the act maintain that reopening the doors to court settlements could produce a rush of emotional litigation (for which lawyers would be paid handsomely) where the two sides would thrash out the "worthiness" of the deceased and financial "windfalls" for family survivors. "Why should a family be richer because of the death of a child?" asks lawyer William Hurlburt, director of Alberta's Institute of Law Research and Reform, the group which originally pressed the Alberta legislature to pass the act.



WAYNE SIENE

White: 'They killed my kid for $3,000?'

The only windfalls at the moment, according to White, "go to insurers of drunken motorists," who escape with a total bill of $3,000 in fatal negligence cases. He and the academy are pressing for repeal of the "paternalistic big brother" Survival of Actions Act on the grounds that the courts and juries are the best judges of how much a life is worth, not the legislators. "In Dickens' words," says White, "if that's the law, 'the law is a ass'."

—WAYNE SKENE

The Yukon

The Mountie they couldn't call off

That cliché image of the Yukon lawman as a solitary scarlet figure mushing his dogsled across a frozen wasteland may be decades out of date, but the job can still be a lonely one—just ask RCMP Staff Sgt. George Wool of Whitehorse. Wool, a 19-year veteran of the force and a crack commercial crime investigator, is single-handedly taking on both the Yukon's Conservative government and the RCMP itself over an order from his superintendent to drop an investigation into the Yukon's former justice minister, Doug Graham. The investigation was squelched on the grounds that it had turned up insufficient evidence for any charges, but Wool is now contesting that decision in the Federal Court of Canada's appeal division. That appeal is based on a little-known clause of the Federal Court Act that gives the court the right to review decisions by any federal body, in this case, the RCMP brass. Meanwhile, Wool has lost his post as co-ordinator of the local plainclothes unit and is back in uniform as the noncommissioned officer responsible for the Yukon's scattered RCMP posts.

The RCMP investigation into Graham began secretly in August, 1979, and grew out of another investigation by Wool into the business dealings of Whitehorse realtor Barry Beilschmidt, who was convicted of fraud and



PETER WHITEHOUSE/STAR

Sgt. Wool: one tip led to another

The bedrooms of "les deux nations"

A year to the day after his referendum triumph, Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan complained of betrayal by his former fiancé in federalist renewal, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau. Like a jilted bride-to-be, Ryan marked the May 20 referendum anniversary by accusing Trudeau of roguishly running off with the dowry while he, Ryan, was still packing his hope chest. Trudeau's rushing through of a unilaterally decided constitutional package turned Ryan into a political cuckold and, he claimed, cost the Liberals victory in Quebec's April 13 election. Trudeau's premature patriation attempt bed allowed the governing Parti Québécois to claim what Ryan called "constitutional virginity."

Ryan's denunciation of Trudeau's action was a convenient and self-serving excuse for his election defeat, a loss that many others attribute more to Ryan's grey tightness. But more importantly, it presaged an attempt by Ryan and Premier René Lévesque to devise an alliance against Trudeau's desired charter of rights—even should its legality be confirmed by the Supreme Court of Canada. Prudently, the provincial Liberal leader said he would not envisage dramatic action before the court ruling, expected some time in June. Significantly, Ryan did not treat the impending court decision as the end of the matter, though he did not go as far as Lévesque, who issued his government's clear intention to carry Quebec's case beyond the court to, if it comes to that, Westminster. "No matter what the opinion of the court, this project will continue to be perfectly illegitimate, politically unjustifiable and even immoral."



GRIMSHAW/CP

Ryan (with campaign boss Pierre Bibeau): Lévesque: one a political cuckold, the other a constitutional virgin

Just what Lévesque has in mind—and how far Ryan would go in backing him—is unknown, but a likely first step would be a unanimous appeal to Britain by Quebec's national assembly. Several Liberals now regret that the caucus dissuaded Ryan from joining the PQ in a first attempt at such a resolution last fall. All-party unanimity could have slowed Trudeau's drive to impose a rights charter that would diminish existing Quebec jurisdiction over critical issues such as the language of education. Trudeau's action made it difficult to be a federalist in Quebec, lamented Liberal assembly member and constitutional expert Herbert Marx. "Trudeau really screwed us well." Now, with Lévesque as his new political bedfellow, Ryan is poised to return the favor.

—DAVID THOMAS



PEEL/UPC





Graham, Pearson: both said things that were to return to haunt them later

fined $50,000 in early 1980. During the Bellchambers investigation, police intercepted a telephone conversation between the realtor and Graham, in the call, Graham later admitted, he said some things that made him look "pretty stupid." Police then started tapping Graham's own phone calls and, when news of that leaked out early in 1980, the 16-member Yukon legislature mounted a special investigating committee which eventually concluded the Mountie taps violated Graham's privileges, basing that opinion on the assumption that Graham was not personally under investigation at the time. That assumption, in turn, was based on testimony to that effect by government leader Chris Pearson, the Yukon's equivalent to a provincial premier. Pearson's testimony has come back to haunt him now that the RCMP has confirmed Graham himself was under investigation all along, but the government leader still says he testified in good faith and claims he was told directly by RCMP officers that Graham was not under investigation. Pearson says he received his first indication that Graham was in fact under investigation only in January of this year, and at that time the justice minister promptly resigned from the cabinet. That explanation isn't satisfying the local press or the Opposition and both Liberal leader Ron Veale and NDP leader Tony Penikett demanded last week that the legislature be recalled to get to the bottom of the matter.

Just what Pearson knew, and when he knew it, are blurry, but in the written command to Wool to drop the investigation of Graham, Superintendent Harry Nixon declared: "I realize that the special committee report ... contains political deception [but] as an investigator, I do not see any onus on you to correct the context of that special committee report." Says the memo: "We have enough criminal problems to resolve without attempting to purify the imperfections of the democratic political process ... political subterfuge is a fact of life."

Wool, however, has staked a police career spanning two decades on his belief that there's more to this tangled web than just "political subterfuge." He is asking the court to allow him to keep digging and lay charges if justified. Now it's up to that court to rule whether the maverick investigator in this case is really battling crime or just windmills.

—DAVE TAIT

Ontario

Dust to dust without frills

One exasperated Thunder Bay funeral director offered Eric Gowen a free funeral—his own—but all the 73-year-old retired tax auditor wants is the right "to bury our own dead." It's a right neither Thunder Bay's licensed burriers nor the undertaker-dominated Ontario Board of Funeral Services is about to relinquish. Last week the board, which regulates the industry on behalf of the provincial government, took Gowen and the 236-member Co-operative Memorial and Removal Services Inc. of Thunder Bay to court, charging them with violating Sec. 5(1) of the Ontario Funeral Services Act by "providing services usually offered by funeral directors" without being licensed. Gowen claims that both "ancient common law and the Canadian Criminal Code" support his right to provide what he calls "removal services" and freely admits that's what he has been doing ever since the co-op was established two years ago, but he says the co-op has never offered to provide a funeral service "as the public understands it." The difference: an average funeral today costs $1,700 while the co-op charges members $175.

The nub of the case, as Gowan puts it, is this: "I'm a freedom fighter, and all we're doing is defending the right to simplicity. We're not trying to push on people who have the abiding belief that looking on a corpse in a funeral parlor is good for their grief. What we're trying to stand for is the right of people who want to spend their money while they're alive instead of on funeral trappings when they're dead."

Those sentiments are shared by upwards of 130,000 Canadians who belong to memorial societies in 27 cities from Halifax to Victoria in order to obtain (as one society puts it) "a funeral which is simple and reasonably priced rather than a conventional, expensive one." Normally such societies enter agreements with a number of local (and licensed) funeral directors to provide their members with only the basic and legally required postmortem services at prearranged prices. In Toronto, for instance, any one of eight undertakers will currently provide the local society's Type A funeral for from $195 to $320. For this, says the society's brochure, "The funeral director removes the body to his premises, obtains the legal papers, provides a plain unlined container, painted or stained, and arranges for transportation to the cemetery or crematorium." There is no embalming, no use of the undertaker's reception rooms or chapel and no limousines. Those services may be added in the Type B funeral (along with a grey cloth-covered casket) for up to $755.



McGarry: understandably concerned

Not so at the Lakehead, however, where for seven years the Thunder Bay Memorial Society tried vainly to find even one co-operative undertaker before it finally formed the co-op, with member Eric Gowen in charge. In court the prosecution got Gowen to admit that he does see to the legal paperwork

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The Great West Connection

when a member dies, transports the body to a cemetery or crematorium, puts death notices in the paper and helps arrange a religious service if desired—"all services usually provided by a funeral director." The defence argued that the co-op does not conduct funeral services, does not embalm or cosmetically prepare a body for viewing and provides only a container (purchased directly from B.C.'s MacMillan Bloedel and marked "bursting strength 300 pounds") but not a casket, and only assists people to do what they are legally entitled to do themselves.

After two days of hearings, a decision on Gowen's fate was put over until Sept. 10, leaving him unrepentant, insisting that if found guilty he would rather go to jail than pay a fine—except the penalty calls for a fine only. The memorial society remains solidly behind Gowen, says member Karl Sauer, a Lutheran Church pastor. If the co-op was forced to close down, "it would leave people in Thunder Bay in a real bad situation,



JIM KELLY

Gowen with 'removals' container

because the funeral directors in this city are too strong."

Even President Brian McGarry of the Ontario Funeral Service Association is not unsympathetic to Gowen's plight and is understandably concerned about public reaction should the spirited senior citizen become a martyr. His solution to the situation is simple. "Why in hell doesn't he go to school for nine months, get his licence and become a funeral director? Then he can promote

David Lewis 1909-1981

He was a link between two ages, a transitional patriarch for a political movement spawned in the Prairie Depression that strove to spread its message to the rest of the nation. In a real sense the struggles of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF) and the New Democratic Party (NDP) were struggles of David Lewis, who died in Ottawa on Saturday at 72. The Polish leatherworker's son had just completed his brilliant academic career at McGill and Oxford—on a Rhodes Scholarship—when he linked up with the fledgling CCF. It was 1936, the party had its first seats in the House of Commons (seven MPs from B.C., Saskatchewan and Manitoba) and now it had the short, brash labor lawyer from Montreal as national secretary.

For the next 15 years Lewis criss-crossed the nation trying to forge a political party out of a collection of Prairie populists, eastern socialists and academic utopians. It was a time Lewis often called his happiest, but the $100 a month the party paid its sole full-time employee and the pressures of being an absentee father took him to Toronto in the early '50s where he belatedly established his legal practice. The party remained a priority, however, and he was a senior executive throughout the decade and instrumental in the accommodation with the Canadian Labour Congress that resulted in the formation of the New Democratic Party in 1961. The next year, he finally won a seat in the Commons (there had been four unsuccessful attempts in the '40s) and kept his place in the party's senior councils.

Throughout his life, Lewis always argued that the electoral implications of party policy should be carefully weighed before adoption. This was assailed as expediency by his party foes and pragmatism by his stalwarts. This conflict came to one of its periodic climaxes in 1971 when Lewis succeeded Tommy Douglas as NDP leader at a

Lewis: a workingman's Rhodes scholar



stormy Ottawa convention that pitted him against the nationalistic left-wing forces of the Waffle movement, led by Jim Laxer. Evidence that the genial Lewis exterior could conceal a hard-headed politician soon followed; within months of his triumph the Waffle had been purged from the party.

The NDP's 1972 election campaign was David Lewis' golden moment. Party strategists had devised the corporate welfare bum issue and Lewis stumped the country, each day denouncing a different industry for its dependence on government handouts. It was a campaign that fitted beautifully with Lewis' powerful oratory and the rhetoric helped carry the NDP to 31 seats, its best ever, and the balance of power in Ottawa.

The next two years were ones of exhilarating influence for Lewis and the party as the Trudeau Liberals were forced repeatedly to bend to NDP amendments, but Lewis also had to endure brickbats as he propped the Liberals up vote after vote.

The end came crashingly when the NDP fell to 13 seats in the 1974 election and Lewis was defeated in his own seat by a lightly regarded Liberal. He handed over the leadership to Ed Broadbent the next year and, until contracting the leukemia that felled him last week, lectured widely and taught at Carleton University.

Two sons followed him into politics; Michael is research chief for the federal party and Stephen, former leader of the Ontario NDP, is unlikely to spend the rest of his days out of the political arena. The Lewis legacy may turn out to be more dynastic than just the moulding of a political party. —COLIN MacKENZIE

his theories to the public alongside ours."

Although Thunder Bay Memorial and Removal Services Inc. is considering taking steps to establish itself as a licensed funeral home, if forced to, Eric Gowen is cool to the idea of going back to school in order to join the enemy. If he can't beat them, he simply wants to bury them. —VICTOR PADDY

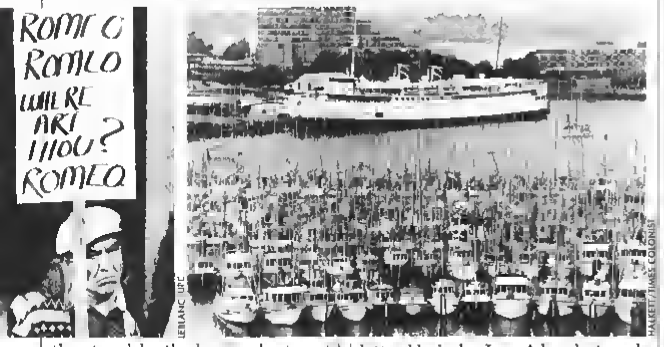
With files from Rosalie Woloski.

British Columbia

Trolling against fishing restrictions

It was a bobbing picket line Strung across the mouth of Victoria Harbor late last week, about 100 angry Pacific troll fishermen and their boats disrupted both ship and floatplane traffic to protest against conservation moves that have restricted their livelihood. Even the start of the sleek and prestigious 450-yacht Swiftsure race was

Vancouver picketer, Victoria harbor troll-in, conservation isn't catching



threatened by the buzzing boats until the fishermen relented following all-day meetings Friday.

Source of the tempest is a chaotic West Coast fishing climate and desperately low salmon stocks. The ad hoc group of militants in Victoria Harbor was born in April in response to federal Fisheries Minister Romeo LeBlanc's February regulations that slashed the trollers' fishing season by six weeks, limited the number of baited fishing lines that can be trailed from the little ships to six and demanded that morechancy barbless hooks be used. Trollers are the 1,400-member elite of the almost 8,000-boat West Coast fleet, catching only the best grades of salmon. When the 150-member Pacific Trollers' Association swallowed the LeBlanc restrictions, the militants rebelled and formed the United Trollers, led by skipper Conrad Plensky. "We didn't want to do this," said Plensky last week. "But it's not just our future that's at stake, it's the economic future of small West Coast communities [that support the troller fleet] as well." Plensky, who shells out $500 a day just to operate his 18-metre $650,000 troller Ocean Banker, claims the new regulations will sink the beleaguered troller fleet in a sea of red ink. After three years of boom conditions, last year's disastrous lack of fish and this summer's equally grim outlook have heavily mortgaged fish boat owners terrified. One Victoria bank holding mortgages on 45 boats figures as many as 90 per cent are unable to meet interest payments.

At the root is the critical problem of too many fish boats chasing too few fish. Saying over-fishing will destroy the resource, Le Blanc has been adamant about retaining the troller restrictions. However, the United Trollers are furious at LeBlanc's easing of gear and access prohibitions for B.C.'s estimated 100,000 fishing hobbyists following fierce lobbying last month. Said bitter blockader Ivan Adam last week: "We probably wouldn't be here at all if he hadn't knuckled under to the sports fishing industry, but they have more votes than we do."

Many observers hope some peace can be restored to the Wild West disorder of the West Coast fishery by the recommendations of the ongoing Pacific fisheries inquiry conducted by University of British Columbia economist Peter Pearse. Until then, however, there will likely be more protests. For now the United Trollers are content. At week's end, Conrad Plensky said, "We've brought unity to the troller fleet and drawn national attention to our cause." And the ragtag trollers turned and chugged out of Victoria Harbor, in search of vanishing salmon.

—JACK DANYLCHUCK

Manitoba

Foes among the learned friends

Though the population of Manitoba has declined slightly in recent years, the number of lawyers has not. They fly as thick as pollen in the spring and, with 1,252 in practice and another 100 or so graduating every year, some would say the legal jungle has become a little too wild, competitive conduct a little too unbecoming. Specifically, what had the province's Perry Masons abuzz last week were charges of unethical hustling and client-poaching, leaving stacks of business cards on remand centre tables, bribing guards to put in a good word for them with inmates and even offering cut rates to clients willing to recommend their legal skills to other unfortunates in the clink.

Though the liberal sprinkling about of business cards has gone on for years, complaints began to roll in from remand centre officials, who say lawyers who have lost clients are accusing the officials of favoritism, thus using them as scapegoats in the deadly fight for fees. When Corrections Minister George Minaker investigated, he found a few lawyers had sent pizzas and Christmas cakes to hungry guards, but said he considered that petty. An odd bottle of scotch or a football ticket might also have been passed out for client referrals, he admitted, simply because a certain lawyer happened to like a certain guard. But the Law Society of Manitoba was less understanding, and it promptly appointed Hymie Weinstein, a criminal lawyer, and James Toal, a former remand centre director, to fish around—even though one member of Weinstein's own firm has been accused of unseemly hustling.

Though the law society can disbar any member found guilty of conduct unbecoming the profession, the inquiry is viewed by some as official window dressing. It's also infuriating to criminal lawyers, who detect a double standard in the inquiry. Opening for the prosecution, lawyer Hersh Wolch: "These are isolated complaints that smear all criminal lawyers. What about all the commercial lawyers who drum up business by wining and dining real estate people in hopes of client referrals? What about those 'clean, pure' firms that send bottles of liquor to the entire staff of Queen's Bench every Christmas? Or the firms that have fancy Christmas parties and invite remand centre staff?"

Opening for the defence, inquiry co-chairman Weinstein: "Christmas parties aren't what they once were and neither is the sending out of liquor. I'd say only five per cent of firms do that."

Closing for the prosecution, learned friend Wolch: "It could well be that criminal lawyers are indeed hustling—perhaps *almost* as much as the commercial lawyers."

Learned friend Weinstein expects to report next month.

—PETER CARLYLE-GORDGE



Weinstein, going fishing for hustlers



A-7 Corsairs of U.S. Tactical Fighting Guard, at Cold Lake on to Roslovakia



Alberta

Revving up for World War III

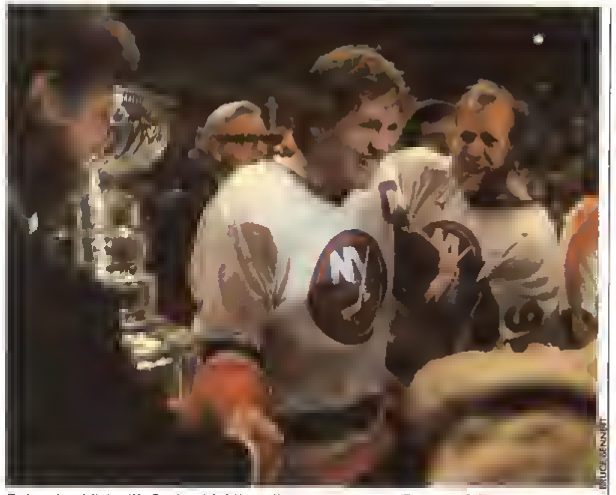
Tall, trim and articulate, United States Air Force Capt. Jim Bledsoe epitomizes the Hollywood image of the all-American fighter pilot. With boyish good looks and a passel of charm, Bledsoe is as cool and calm as the night air at his base in Langley, Va. He figures he has "the best job in the air force," flying what some consider the best fighter plane in the world, the F-15 Eagle. At 31, Bledsoe has never flown in combat, but he has had plenty of practice—and last week he was in Canada getting some more.

Bledsoe was among 800 military personnel from Canada, the United States and Britain participating in Maple Flag VII, a month-long simulated combat exercise in the skies over the Canadian Forces Base at Cold Lake, Alta., 300 km northeast of Edmonton. As Canada's largest tactical fighter base, it is where Canadian fighter pilots train. During the Vietnam War, the U.S. lost one plane for every two enemy planes shot down and about 90 per cent of the "kills" occurred during the pilots' first 10 intensive combat missions. So, after the war, the Americans designed a series of exercises to give novice pilots combat experience and, in 1977, they asked Canada for access to the 4,000-square-mile Cold Lake air weapons range. Out of that request came the first Maple Flag in the spring of 1978.

The Cold Lake range, with its rolling terrain and thick stands of spruce in the south and muskeg in the east, geographically and climatically resembles north-central Europe, where many strategists in 1977 thought the next major war would begin. The remote range straddles the Alberta-Saskatchewan border and is cordoned off from all civilian activity by a 14-metre swath cut through the bush. It is populated by tank convoys, factories, petroleum storage facilities, armored personnel carriers, surface-to-air-missiles, all fake and all meant to resemble one enemy—the Soviets. "We're not talking Red or Orange. We're talking Soviets," says Canadian Forces Capt. Dave Kendall. "The next war is not going to be fought against the U.S." So the map was redrawn. British Columbia and Alberta became Fantasia and Roslovakia respectively, representing the Warsaw pact countries, while Saskatchewan and Manitoba became Birmany and Nethergium, the NATO countries. Enemy manoeuvres were fashioned on the theory that the Soviets, with their vast strength, will blitzkrieg across Europe. In fact, one U.S. squadron that is participating, the Aggressors, spends its days learning and imitating Soviet air combat tactics, right down to radio messages in Russian.

Every morning, while technicians readied the planes amidst the throaty howl of jet engines, the fly-boys pored over detailed maps and instructions. Some would fly at treetop height deep into enemy territory, others would engage the enemy in a rolling thunder far above the clouds. In this unreal world, the goal is to extend the "FEBAs"—the forward edge of battle area—so that by day's end, as Bledsoe noted, "you're living in their homes." Swallowing up thousands of litres of fuel, missions last from 40 to 90 minutes. The only kills were on camera, which was how the war was scored. There are rather different plans for the Third World War.

—GORDON LEGGE



Potvin (middle) with Goring (right) well-oiled, but expensive, precision

SPORTS

The perpetual motion machine

The Islanders have won two, can they afford another?

By Hal Quinn

There was a sense of the inevitable and, of course, the interminable about the Stanley Cup playoffs this year. There was no surprise, more relief, when the New York Islanders dispatched the Minnesota North Stars last week to win their second straight cup. The last hopes for novelty or excitement, beyond the confines of the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, faded with the elimination first of the Montreal Canadiens, then the Edmonton Oilers and finally the Calgary Flames. It took 840 league and 68 playoff games, 248 hockey nights and afternoons in North America to confirm what most observers had predicted last October: that the Islanders are the National Hockey League's best team.

The Islanders staged a stirring assault on first place late in the regular season and eclipsed the St. Louis Blues in the final week to finish on top of the 21-team league. Among their fine individual and team performances was Mike Bossy's 50 goals in 50 games. And as they eased through the playoff rounds (losing just three of 18 games), their stiffest competition came from the upstart Oilers and their leader, Wayne Gretzky. But after the skirmishes in Alberta, the Islanders simply displayed their superiority with the precision of a well-oiled perpetual motion machine.

That it would not be a classic cup final became evident shortly after the 11th minute of the first game. The Islanders were leading 1-0 when Bob Bourne received a five-minute penalty for spearing North Star Brad Maxwell. It is generally acknowledged that the Islanders have the best power play in the NHL, but not since the Boston Bruins' heyday in the '70s with Derek Sanderson and Ed Westfall on the ice has a team had such offensive penalty killers. As the North Stars floundered to take advantage of Bourne's penalty, the Islanders scored two goals in a 47-second span (they scored a record nine shorthanded goals in the playoffs) and would have had three had Butch Goring's shot not hit the goalpost. In essence, the series had been decided. The Islanders coasted to a 6-3 win, another 6-3 win, then won the next 7-5, the scores more indicative of a Wimbledon than a cup final. Only a desperation-inspired performance by the North Stars in winning game four 4-2 prevented the Islanders from sweeping four games straight in the playoff series.

If the cup final did not captivate two nations, it was not the fault of the champions. Against playoff opponents who finished 16th (Toronto), 14th (Edmonton), 13th (New York Rangers) and ninth (Minnesota) in the regular season, Mike Bossy set a cup record of 35 points for a defenceman and Bryan Trottier had at least one point in all 18 games, totalling 29. The Islanders played without key defenceman Stefan Persson, who suffered a broken jaw in the quarterfinals, lost Denis Potvin for all but one shift in the final two periods to a pulled groin muscle, and the focal point of their offence, Trottier, played the final two games with a separated shoulder.

It is a measure of the team's depth that despite the injuries they still dominated the young, fleet North Stars. The man largely responsible was Butch Goring, a feisty centre acquired from the Los Angeles Kings to balance an already formidable assembly. In the words of his coach, Al Arbour, "Goring has been a pest and a pain in the neck for anybody he's played against." In Thursday's final game, taking his own shift, killing penalties and easing the workload of the injured Trottier, Goring scored twice, giving him 10 goals and 10 assists in the playoffs and the Conn Smythe Trophy as the second season's most valuable player.

Having clearly established the gulf that separates them from the remainder of the NHL, the challenge now facing the Islanders comes from within. Coach Arbour, who guided the Islanders with TM and assorted psychologies from a young mistake-prone team (much like the North Stars and the Oilers of today), has said he is contemplating retirement. He would be missed. But if the Islanders are to remain on top, to fulfil their dynastic ambition, dollars will be the key. Bob Bourne is now effectively a free agent, and this was the final year of contracts for Potvin, Bossy, Bob Nystrom, John Tonelli, Anders Kallur and Mike McEwen. If Los Angeles King Marcel Dionne can make $650,000 a year and Wayne Gretzky ask for $800,000, Islander management will soon learn what stars on defending cup champions command. It will take more than well-oiled precision to pop champagne again next spring. ✪

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DEBORAH CAMERON

When the B.C. Lions football season opens on June 13, there won't be any pompons on the periphery. Instead of the usual bevy of short-skirted, tassel-twirling young women, the Lions have opted for a co-ed class act, choreographed by **Anna Wyman** Last month, Wyman selected a team consisting of 10 males and 10 females, who will show and shout their allegiance with a good deal of ballet-inspired grace "We all know that sports is far removed from dance," says Wyman "This is a way of getting ourselves together Who knows, it might even encourage some men to go into dance school"

"We pay them $100,000 a year for rights to these plays and they don't have the decency to pick up a telephone," fumed Shaw Festival Artistic Director **Christopher Newton** last week With several school performances and an adult preview behind him, Newton was all ready for this week's opening of **George Bernard Shaw**'s *Saint Joan* with **Nora McLellan** when a telegram arrived from the Shaw estate saying rights to perform the 1923 play would be withdrawn if the production continued without the original epilogue "The epilogue was written for a 1920s audience," says Newton "This is a 1980s production for a 1980s audience" Nonetheless, Newton has been forced to tack the 25-minute ending onto the already three-hour performance—but with a twist Shaw himself would have smirked at a short break follows the end of the last act and anyone who is interested can stick around for the compulsory epilogue



UPI

Choreographer Wyman puts her co-ed cheerleaders through their paces; Faisie-wearer Fountain, silicone charges

She moved from North Carolina to the Bronx, claimed her attorney, "because she wanted to be Miss New York state" Alas, **Deborah Ann Fountain**'s dream was not to be Not that she didn't look alluring in her low-cut bathing suit at the Miss U S A Pageant, but judges determined that not all of the allure was Deborah herself According to Fountain's lawyer, **Leonard Posner**, a female official "ripped the front of her suit down." Lo and behold—foam padding! Pageant director **Harold Glasser**, who promptly kicked Deborah out of the contest, unchivalrously chortled, "We have the falsies in our possession and they are not new" Fountain claimed many of the other contestants gave their figures a little bit of help, including at least five who had silicone breast implants She says, in fact, that one of the silicone-laden contestants tipped off officials to her own falsies But Glasser stood his ground Fountain's figure aids, he maintained, violated Miss U S A 's noble mission "of promoting American womanhood and standards of fair play" Ultimately, the judges crowned 20-year-old Miss Ohio, Kim Seelbrede Still, Fountain is far from discouraged She claims "calls of support from around the world" and says "the Canadian government told me I was lovely and if the U S doesn't want me, they'll take me."

Rocking the bookstalls with a novel approach these days is James Lorimer and Co 's *Canada's Oil Monopoly* Instead of pushing diets or scandal, the Toronto-based publishing house simply took former corporate policeman **Robert J. Bertrand**'s controversial 1,700-page government report on the oil industry and abridged it to 626 pages at $14 95 "The government made the grave publishing error of selling the report at $70," says publisher **James Lorimer**. But the government is saying Lorimer made an even graver mistake in publishing before proper permission was granted Last week, while Betrand himself was drawing headlines with his sudden "promotion" out of the corporate-combines hot seat into a chair at the anti-dumping tribunal, the government petitioned for an injunction to stop sales of the book, claiming copyright infringement Earlier, the publishing house, at Bertrand's demand, covered up his name on 5,000 books already distributed with stickers explaining that the book was "independently selected" from the report Lorimer has already promised to pay the eight per cent to the government in royalties but fears a strong battle ahead. "There's never been a test case for government copyright before," he says. "The lawyers love it but I can't afford it" Perhaps Lorimer will recover with another planned project—the abridged findings of the soon-to-be-released McDonald commission into RCMP wrongdoing.

Inflation is no respecter of rank, as Manitoba's lieutenant-governor, **Francis (Bud) Jobin**, and wife, **Donalda**, have discovered. The Jobins are often seen pushing a shopping cart in Safeway, stocking up on groceries and cocktail mix for one of the six monthly receptions they hold at Government House. His Honor also answers the house phone and Donalda often whips through the 23-room official residence, vacuum in hand. "People just can't believe it when we tell them we have no full-time staff," says Jobin, who retires in September "When I took office five years ago, I found we could manage fine, but prices have gone so bloody high since then I haven't had to dip into my own money yet, but I do use my Visa all the time" Like other lieutenant-governors, he gets a federal salary of $35,000, which is unchanged since 1975 and taxable In the same period liquor prices have jumped 15 per cent and mix by 50 per cent Jobin says there are no plans to form a union, but a meeting of lieutenant-governors last year came to a consensus that a raise might be in order: "A couple of us have written to the Prime Minister's Office and I understand the problem is being studied, though I'll be long gone if and when they do raise salaries."

The Jobins shop, mix up 50 per cent

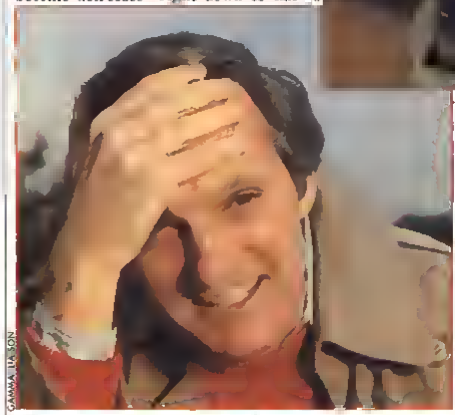


CANADA WIDE/MACLEAN'S

At 45, **Alan Alda** is the most popular man on television. Benevolent, articulate and rapidly greying, Alda is the hero of a generation that grew up laughing at wartime misadventures via the scalpel-sharp wit delivered in the operating rooms of *M*A*S*H* On top of that, Alda is the consummate nice guy. He dotes on his wife of 24 years, **Arlene**, is committed to family life and will do as much as he can to help his daughters become actresses—right down to tailoring roles for two of them in his current movie, *The Four Seasons*. So when former child star **Jackie Cooper** revealed a darker side to Alda in his memoirs, *Please Don't Shoot My Dog*, he was tampering with an image of virtual perfection "Alan Alda is a contradictory personality," writes Cooper "He is concealing a lot of hostility beneath the surface The man must be torn inside" Untrue, according to Alda, who believes the venom stems from an incident that occurred on the *M*A*S*H* set eight years ago when he took director Cooper aside and "told him very forcibly that I didn't think he was helping the show and asked him to alter some of his behavior" Alda feels Cooper only published the incident due to bruised feelings "I'm sorry I hurt him," concedes Alda, "but even if I was guilty of some bad behavior, I mean, after seven years there's a statute of limitations"



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S



CANADA WIDE

Broadcaster Frum with husband Murray and part of their tactile African art collection (top) and nice-guy actor Alda (left): wondering if there is a statute of limitations on bruised feelings

"I personally despise the word collector," says Toronto broadcaster and African art "trustee" **Barbara Frum** "When you're passionately in love with something, you aren't in control" Referring to their 60 world-class pieces currently on display at the Art Gallery of Ontario, Frum says she and dentist-turned-developer husband **Murray** have had a "crazed compulsion like an illness" for African sculpture since they began to buy "beautiful and real" art in the late '60s "We visit every museum and private collector when we travel," says she. "Last year the curator in Berlin opened the displays and let us *handle* the pieces" Why sculpture instead of paintings? "It could bear analysis," muses Frum Murray explains it simply: "We are both tactile people. Sculpture is tactile"

—EDITED BY MARSHA BOULTON

COLUMN

The twitch and squawk of Big Oil



Ottawa is moving so slowly on Canadian ownership that buzzards are circling

By Roderick McQueen

Herb Gray was the softheaded politician that hard-nosed businessmen worried about most when the Second Empire of Pierre Trudeau began last year. And so it was that business smirked as it watched Gray busy with the Massey-Ferguson and Chrysler bailouts, content that his nationalist plans for intervention in the economy were sidetracked as he propped up the failures of free enterprise. All the while it was Energy Minister Marc Lalonde who bore watching. Herb Gray, it turned out, was just a bore. Poor Herb, he's so keen for publicity that if he's out when a journalist phones for an interview, his office supplies the numbers for the pay phones on his route.

But while Big Oil, in particular, may claim it wants Ottawa and its National Energy Program (NEP) to disappear down some Florida sinkhole, oil lobbyists continue to lurch toward the capital speaking in overworked tongues. There, they are treated with all the warmth of Germans touring France after the Second World War, their autos laden with petrol and other provisions that the locals refused to sell to the enemy. The most recent gaggle was a 100-member bunch of oil and gas well service and supply companies who toured Canada by chartered plane. It was a typical charter flight—no first-class seating. Everybody was nobody.

Their plea was about exploration business driven out of Canada to the U.S. and elsewhere by the National Energy Program. Few listened, for Ottawa is preoccupied. Joe Clark, a shatter of his former self, has trouble assembling enough people for a vigil. The New Democratic Party is too busy rehearsing its role in *Gatineau*, the sequel to *Masada*, where the NDP MPs climb into the hills around Ottawa and choke to death on their own rhetoric. And there's Trudeau, who has only belatedly recognized the supremacy of God—just for constitutional purposes.

But it's not just the blind mind-set of the National Energy Program that bothers the oilmen. More blistering was the oil monopoly report presented recently by then combines chief Robert Bertrand. Bertrand's initial blast about the $12 billion owed consumers was bad enough, but the oil companies found K-Tel's promotion of the report far worse. $6.98 for the record, $8.98 for the tape, or, for $1.98, Bertrand would visit bedsides and read excerpts. Coverage in the media had Big Oil chewing the carpets and gnawing the drapes. As Imperial Oil Chairman Jack Armstrong said of the report, "You can't just stand up there, you know, and be flogged to death without twitching a little bit." Shell Vice-President Alan Seager wrote to credit card holders and quoted Napoleon as saying: "I fear three newspapers more than 100,000 bayonets." That's not quite what Napoleon said, but then what's a misquote when it comes to the media?



DAVID COUSINS

Why Big Oil remains so provoked is impossible to fathom, because the government has already changed its initial NEP position by agreeing to pay compensation for confiscation. Further, it will cover 25 per cent of exploration costs. That should be concession enough. After all, foreign-controlled companies do receive 82 per cent of the revenue from Canadian oil and gas. In fact, Ottawa is moving toward its stated goal of 50-per-cent Canadian ownership by 1990 so slowly that the buzzards are beginning to circle. Further, if things are going so badly, why is Big Oil doing so well? Imperial Oil's first-quarter earnings may have been down four per cent, but its parent, Exxon, had a 17-per-cent drop. In Canada, Gulf was even with last year in its first quarter, Gulf earnings in the U.S. fell 22 per cent. No NEP taxes there, no inquiry—the cause is an oil *glut*. A glut that, along with reduced consumption and deregulation, has already caused reductions of $2 for a barrel of oil as well as price wars at the gas pumps. This week's meeting of the OPEC nations will likely confirm the softening trend.

By contrast in Canada, where there is no glut, the folderol goes on about the megaprojects. Imperial's $12-billion Cold Lake and Shell's $13-billion Alsands. The companies want agreement soon between Ottawa and Alberta on price, taxes and royalties. Without a settlement, the projects necessary for self-sufficiency, they argue, will be cancelled. But even Shall President William Daniels acknowledges that his credibility on such threats is suffering, gamely contending: "There is a time when that time runs out." Right.

Watch both companies drag their shiny-shod feet clear across the oil sands as long as there is a glimmer in some government window. The mood music has already been set between Lalonde and Alberta Energy Minister Merv Leitch. Other dulcet tones will emerge from their next meeting, with a deal in place by year-end. Per-barrel prices will likely increase by $5 in each of the next three years—bringing the price in Canada in line with current world levels. There may be other wrinkles for oil sands projects, but not the inflation-proof deals the companies are demanding. For consumers, arguably, not a bad deal either. No matter how it's taxed, right now oil is still priced at half its value. In all, by year-end everyone will be a lot cheerier than the current shouting would indicate. There's a saying around Ottawa that may explain government policy and its impact on Big Oil: the bigger the waves, the harder Imperial revs its engines. Maybe all that revving is why there's no oil glut in Canada.

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BUSINESS

The seedy assault on the CDC

Federal pressure undermines CDC independence



GLOWACKI/CP

HENRY KALEN

Hampson (sitting) while Sallars looks on, Strong, all at CDC annual maating

By Anthony Whittingham

Such a picture of family harmony they presented—tha smiles, tha earnest assurances of solidarity But they were smiles forced between clenched teeth, words of comfort masking a murderous power struggle that until only minutes earher had threatened to precipitate chaos within a widaly held Canadian investment company

The surface veneer of last week's annual meeting in Winnipeg of the Canada Development Corp (CDC) was a model of glowing news and orderly conduct Four new directors were elected to the board, successful Winnipeg machinery manufacturer F W (Wick) Sellers was re-elected as board chairman and company President Anthony Hampson reported CDC profits for 1980 reached $189 million, an impressive jump of more than 53 per cent over the year before For a company founded only nine years ago with $250 million of federal government "seed money," the CDC—with its current array of investments, now worth $3 4 billion, spanning oil and gas, petrochemicals, mining, electronics, laboratories and small ventures—has performed well, both for the government, which owns 49 per cent of CDC's shares, and for the investing public, which owns the rest

What last week's meeting did not reveal was that federal Deputy Finance Minister Ian Stewart, sitting calmly amongst shareholders and spectators, had confronted the CDC board of directors several hours earlier with an ultimatum from Ottawa. Through the finance minister, Stewart was instructed to demand two last-minute political appointees to the CDC board—Petrocan Vice-President Joel Bell and investment consultant David Beatty—in addition to the four already approved, all well-placed Liberals To make the point,Stewart was instructed to exercise the government's right as controlling shareholder to vote every existing director off the board if they refused According to sources close to the CDC board, refusal was precisely the board's response The directors were already toughened by several weeks of pressure and harassment from federal influence-pedlars seeking assurances of board support for Ottawa appointees CDC directors with sensitive positions requiring government grants or licences had been "leaned on" Jack Gallagher, chairman of Dome Petroleum, Allan Waters, president of CHUM Ltd and Maurice Moreau, chief operating officer of Eldorado Nuclear Ltd Others were hounded as well Director Murray Koffler, head of Shoppers Drug Mart, received telephone calls in Israel For nearly a month leading up to last week's meeting, CDC directors had been instructed that Ottawa wished to see businessman and Liberal party stalwart Maurice Strong not only elected to the board but elected chairman as well, ousting Sellers—a scandal "leaked" to the Toronto *Globe and Mail* and subsequently attacked by editorial writers across the country It was only after CDC board members made it clear they would not bow to pressure—accepting Strong as a board member but not chairman—that Strong himself finally emerged from the shadows with the phlegmatic declaration that he was not available to accept the position even if offered Believing they had thus successfully defended the CDC's independence against this latest and unexpected outburst of government intervention, CDC directors arrived for the Winnipeg meeting only to be confronted by the new demands by Stewart. Faced with this crisis, President Hampson learned barely five minutes before the annual meeting began that Ottawa would not carry out its threat and would back down Stewart informed him that the board would remain intact with four—not six—new government appointees. The smiles The solidarity

In the aftermath, the meaning is far from clear CDC's greatest difficulty ever since its inception has been to live up to its mandate to foster Canadian enterprise while operating credibly as an independent profit-motivated corporation whose first obligation is to the shareholders Just over six months ago, when a new CDC share issue of $300 million reduced federal ownership for the first time to less than 50 per cent, Hampson said confidently he believed Ottawa had come to terms with the reality of the CDC as an effective profit-making investment company and not as a quasi-government agency designed to dole out economic assistance As long as the cloud of government intervention hangs over the corporation's head, the CDC can do little more than limp along, somewhat of a laughingstock as a serious corporate investor

Opinion remains divided over the effectiveness of the federal government's current interventionary approach within the oil and gas industry (National Energy Program) and even over its proposed toughening up of merger and monopoly legislation But response to this recent meddling with the perfectly healthy affairs of the CDC has drawn almost universal criticism Worse, Ottawa has given no clear—or defensible—policy outline which would explain or justify its interference in CDC's affairs "Is our sin that we have been successful?" Hampson asks In fact, it's difficult to escape the conclusion that Ottawa's latest moves were based less on sincere ideology and more on pure party friendships—a tenuous reason for jeopardizing the stability and credibility of a worthy Canadian enterprise and of the country's economic climate over-all ✪

Buying a slice of America

Throughout last week's four-day national convention of the influential American Institute of Architects, held in Minneapolis, Minn, Canadian real estate developers' U.S influence was a topic of constant conversation among the 2,000 architects who attended Few realized, however, as they met Wednesday evening in the sparkling glass-enclosed courtyard of the massive IDS Center office tower, that this influence had been extended a few hours earlier to the very lozenge-shaped green tower in which they were dining Thursday came the announcement that the 2.4-million-square-foot IDS tower had been bought for $200 million by the Oxford Group of Edmonton, Canada's fifth-largest developer

The purchase created the kind of sensation New Yorkers may soon have if the rumored bid by Trizec Corp of Calgary to purchase the 110 storey World Trade Center towers is successful For Minneapolis the impact of Oxford's latest acquisition was all the more remarkable because the Canadian developer now owns an estimated 40 per cent of all downtown multi-tenant office space, an investment valued at close to $500 million Forty-per-cent owned by the Toronto-Dominion Bank, Oxford, like a half-dozen other Canadian developers, has been moving into the key growth areas in the U S since the mid-1970s The others—Cadillac Fairview, Olympia & York, Daon, Bramalea and Nu-West—have blanketed nearly every city in the U S, now controlling developments worth an estimated $10 billion The Canadian economy may be dominated by U S -owned corporations, but increasingly the head offices, at least, are owned by Canadian developers

—A W

Go Telidon the mountain

Last week brought only good news for the wholly Canadian-developed Telidon—the video information system that promises to revolutionize information transmission within the decade First came the announcement that the system had been chosen by the American Telephone and Telegraph Co (AT&T) for use throughout the U S Then a major supplier to the Australian telephone system announced it too would manufacture Telidon terminals Those two gains in a cutthroat technological field, which will completely reshape the type of information available on a television screen, left the competing British Prestel and French Antiope contingents outflanked

Tha two andorsements give Telidon a conclusive head start and could well become a textbook example of a government research and development project that benefits private industry The federal government has committed about $37 million in research grants and purchase orders to designated manufacturers since 1978 to bring Telidon on stream From this point on, the system should start paying for itself "It's a matter now of making a commercial product as fast as possible, to get units into the field," says Donald Sykes, executive vice-president of Electrohome Ltd of Kitchener, Ont, one of several electronics firms manufacturing Telidon equipment

Electrohome, knocked out of the color television manufacturing business by the Japanese in the mid-1970s, now produces Telidon units for Infomart of Toronto (owned by Torstar Corp and Southam Inc) and by 1983 will have color televisions with built-in Telidon micro-processors costing only $100 more than a regular television Infomart produces the programming and information for those Telidon machines

Telidon offers a quick leap from the Stone Age to the space age of computerized video, with everything from home banking to university courses offered via the cathode-ray tube Infomart President David Carlisle says the leap will take about nine years, by then, the Canadian market will be worth more than $1 billion and 50 per cent of Canada's color televisions will be Telidon equipped Companies not using Telidon equipment were seen at last week's Videotex '81 conference in Toronto picking up the technical specifications approved by AT&T Not bad for one week

—DAVID COATES

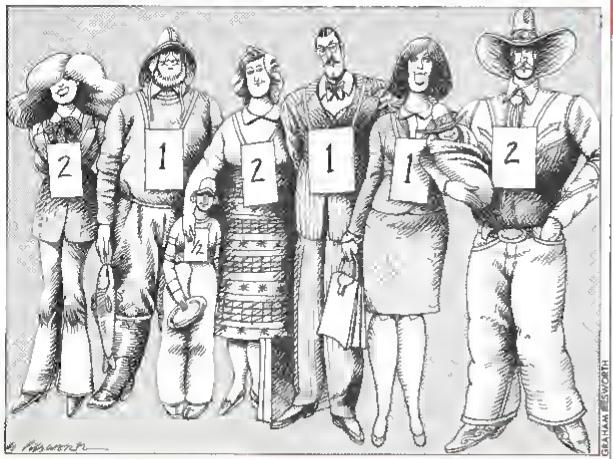
IDS building in Minneapolis lozenge



Telidon display: far-reaching impact



ERIC HAYES



DEMOGRAPHY

A head count and more

Changing values figure in this year's census

Orchestrating the 1981 census entails some 39,000 enumerators to pass out questionnaires this week, three years to analyse the data and an estimated total cost of $95 3 million This year's model also comes equipped with a sensitivity to changing social mores—reflected in Statistics Canada's avoidance, for the first time, of value-charged synonyms for breadwinner "Head of household" (defined on the 1971 form as "the husband rather than the wife") has been jettisoned for the neutral "Person 1," who can be wife, husband, either partner in a common-law relationship or a single parent Lest skeptics worry that the Nos 1 and 2 hint at lingering traces of sexual politics, Gordon Harris of StatsCan adds that the government's only aim is to establish a "focal point" for building family statistics

The government is also changing its view of unmarried couples Ten years ago, the instructions for filling out the questionnaire made no mention of "common law " The 1981 form not only recognizes such couples, it also states that they should be considered "now married" regardless of legal status

Updated terminology prefigures the expected results If StatsCan predictions are on target, the census will reveal a modest 9 3-per-cent increase in the number of husband-and-wife families By contrast, the number of single-parent families headed by women will have increased by 23 per cent, while those headed by men will be up by 20 2 per cent. Even more striking is an expected 27 9-per-cent rise in what the government calls "non-family households"—a category encompassing single people, roommates and religious communes, among others "Young people are leaving home sooner," says Moolamattom George of StatsCan, "and elderly people are staying on their own rather than moving in with the kids after a spouse has died "

Changes notwithstanding, the main point of all the questions is still to find out how many people live in Canada The expected answer—24 3 million—will mean an increase of 5 9 per cent since 1976 (and will likely add 30 MPs to the House of Commons) Yet as the widest ranging source of information about Canadians, the census is more than a head count. Among those consulting its data will be local governments, health planners and school boards assessing growth trends, social service agencies bidding for grants, businesses researching their markets and the federal government transferring payments to the provinces But before the full picture emerges, some 500 million "facts" about how Canadians live and work must be fed into a central computer in Ottawa and tabulated—a process that will keep 48 economists, sociologists and statisticians busy until 1984 —LES WHITTINGTON

TECHNOLOGY

Unlocking methane

The making of plastic products which surround us—from sunglasses to ball-point pens, Frisbees to raincoats—consumes more than 100,000 barrels of Canadian petroleum daily In their search for a cheaper source of the chemical building blocks for plastics, industrial scientists have considered methane, the chief component of natural gas and a major byproduct of the breakdown of any organic material But one challenge has been stumping researchers how to turn methane into ethane (which can then readily be transformed into ethylene, the basis of many plastics) Lately, however, a promising discovery by Geoffrey Ozin, a University of Toronto chemist, has been drawing attention

Methane consists of one carbon atom bound to four hydrogen atoms; ethane, of two carbons each bound to three hydrogens Ozin and his colleagues have taken a novel approach to the riddle of conversion They cooled methane to -260°C, only a few degrees above absolute zero, slowing down the movement of the methane molecules Meanwhile, they heated a piece of copper until it gave off individual copper atoms, which have a strong tendency to bond with anything they contact—in this case, the carbon-hydrogen bonds in the methane The resulting compound, methyl copper hydride, which has weaker hydrogen bonds than methane does, was subjected to ultraviolet light which broke it down into a number of products, mainly hydrogen and the elusive ethane.

Since maintaining a frigid temperature calls for massive amounts of energy, the method is not commercially feasible, as Ozin hastens to point out The requirement of energy-demanding ultraviolet light presents a further obstacle However, while Ozin and his colleagues work toward a room-temperature method powered by intensified natural light, others are emphasizing the far-reaching implications of his progress to date "What he has done is really a breakthrough," says Charles McCullaugh of Esso Chemical Canada, referring to the insertion of a copper atom into the carbon-hydrogen bond Adds Michael McGlinchey, a chemist at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont "There is no doubt that this is an important piece of chemistry,"

—AUSTIN RAND

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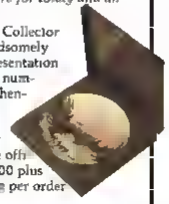
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BOOKS

33 years of solitude

MIDNIGHT'S CHILDREN
by Salman Rushdie
(Clarke Irwin, $23.95)

India defeats fiction. The country encompasses so many languages, landscapes, religions and histories that [illegible] seem doomed to failure. Against that most varied and tumultuous of backdrops, how can any single life seem significant? Salman Rushdie, whose ambitions are as huge as his homeland, meets that question head on by intertwining the fate of the narrator and hero of *Midnight's Children* with the destiny of India. Born at the moment of independence in August, 1947, Saleem Sinai soon receives a letter from Prime Minister Nehru "[Your life] will be, in a sense, the mirror of our own." Saleem's story is also the story of a growing nation as it sinks from the idealism of Mahatma Gandhi into the tyrannical Emergency imposed by Indira Gandhi. Because the physical feel of India is so overwhelming, to read *Midnight's Children* is to be plunged headlong into a labyrinthine world of heat, chutney, radios, snakes, bicycles, medicine and prayer.

And above all, magic. Saleem is blessed with a cucumber nose which enables him, as an adult, to sniff out emotions and qualities: he knows the precise [illegible] child, however, Saleem smells nothing; his miraculous nose serves instead as a transmitter and receiver, which could bring into contact all the surviving children born in the first midnight hour of India's independence. Each of these 1,001 children has some abnormal gift: one can change sex at will, another can travel in time, while Saleem's bitter rival, a street urchin called Shiva, has the most powerful knees on earth. Shiva grows up to be a major in the Indian army and a betrayer of his colleagues, the supernatural children, to the black despotic widow who thirsts for their destruction. Mrs. Gandhi. Salman Rushdie's hatred for her seems unbounded. (He now lives in exile in London.)

His complicated mixture of history, naturalism and fantasy makes *Midnight's Children* almost unique among Indian novels—but Rushdie is an imitator as well as an innovator. He has taken so much from the great South American novelist Gabriel Garcia Márquez that his own novel sometimes seems like Márquez's *One Hundred Years of Solitude* transported across the planet. Márquez's people suffer incessant rain, Rushdie's characters endure incessant dust. In Márquez, time is circular; in Rushdie, fate keeps repeating itself. And so on. Borrowed or not, the technique works superbly in *Midnight's Children* when Rushdie evokes the lost richness of childhood. The novel is less successful once Saleem reaches adolescence, and occasionally, his relentless self-consciousness becomes oppressive.

Nonetheless, it's a remarkable work: 446 pages swarming with ideas and lives. Rushdie is not yet 35, but in this second novel he has created more memorable characters than some novelists manage in a lifetime. The final effect is that he turns his nation into a dream. For all his concentration on physical details and all his political passion, he cannot escape the plight so acutely analysed by the novelist V.S. Naipaul. "The outer world matters only insofar as it affects the inner. It is the Indian way of experiencing [illegible]. Men do not actively explore the world; rather, they are defined by it." Saleem's daily encounters with the outer world are never as rewarding (and rarely as interesting) as his acts of magic and imagination, and he is continually impotent. The visions, delusions and obsessions of these characters are what makes them memorable—not their behavior with other people. Thus India, where privacy depends largely on economic privilege, remains hidden and enigmatic. It has defeated fiction again. —MARK ABLEY



Rushdie: a swarm of ideas and lives

Requiem for a light heavyweight

THE FIGHTING FISHERMAN: THE LIFE OF YVON DURELLE
by Raymond Fraser
(Doubleday, $14.95)

Yvon Durelle was born into a family of fighters. When he was a child, his 200-pound mother beat him for winning pennies in neighborhood slugfests sponsored by his father. Durelle bloodied even his elderly female teacher before quitting school at age 11. He turned pro at 17, earning $8 a match.

His story is not a pretty one and has no happy ending: today he eks out a living as a part-time fisherman in his home town of Baie Ste. Anne, N.B. But it is a story that deserves more effort than New Brunswick novelist Raymond Fraser is willing to give. In a book-long series of quotations posing as a biography, he allows Durelle to portray himself first as a savage slugger who relied solely on an uppercut that could "knock a man's head off." Then the tenderhearted hulk shines through as Durelle talks of sitting on the floor weeping when his ancient and nearly blind dog died. "I was afraid she'd go out on the road and get run over by a car [and] I'd kill whoever did it." Indeed, 16 years in the ring did leave him capable of killing: in 1977, Durelle admitted to shooting a man to death but was acquitted on grounds of self-defence. However, he was incapable, according to the testimony of a neurosurgeon, of "thinking rapidly."

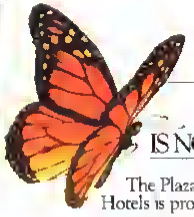
Supposedly, Fraser has this ability, yet he does little to fill in the spaces between the quotes with any insight. It is up to Durelle to generate the understanding. He never gave up, even when grossly mismatched or ill-treated before a fight. In 1954, a flashy New York City manager conned him into going to the big town to fight Floyd Patterson and left him alone in a hotel room without food for nine days before the match. Too frightened to leave and too shy to complain, he starved down to 158 pounds (the light heavyweight limit was 175) and still only lost by a close split decision.

Durelle went on to floor the renowned American Archie Moore three times before Moore knocked him out in a world light heavyweight title match that *Ring* magazine named fight of the year. A year later, the "bull-like" boxer was finished and $18,000 in debt. The legion of sycophants—managers, promoters and "friends"—abandoned him. Compounding the pain of a shocking amount of



METAMORPHOSIS

"I am no longer
that which I have been"
–Byron



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Durelle: a talent exploited by many

physical abuse with scorn, The Canadian Press voted him "Canada's Sports Disappointment of 1959."

Because Yvon Durelle's talent was exploited and dismissed by so many for so long, one aches for some justice. *The Fighting Fisherman* was his one shot at getting even. But Fraser never lays a glove on the bad guys or even attempts to indict the malevolent machinery of the boxing game. One wishes he had used the power of the pen to equal the score. Once again the task was left to Durelle. —BARBARA MATTHEWS

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1 **Noble House**, *Clavell (1)*
2 **The Covenant**, *Michener (2)*
3 **Gorky Park**, *Smith (3)*
4 **XPD**, *Deighton (4)*
5 **A Woman Called Scylla**, *Gurr (5)*
6 **Creation**, *Vidal (7)*
7 **Brain**, *Cook (6)*
8 **Free Fall in Crimson**, *MacDonald*
9 **Firestarter**, *King (9)*
10 **Rage of Angels**, *Sheldon (10)*

Nonfiction

1 **The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide**, *Zimmer (1)*
2 **Cosmos**, *Sagan (2)*
3 **The Chinese**, *Fraser (3)*
4 **The Canadian Caper**, *Pelletier & Adams (4)*
5 **Paper Money**, *Smith (5)*
6 **The Northern Magus**, *Gwyn (8)*
7 **Pavarotti**, *Pavarotti & Wright*
8 **Wealth and Poverty**, *Gilder (10)*
9 **Male Practice**, *Mendelsohn (9)*
10 **Crisis Investing**, *Casey (7)*

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COVER

By Roy MacGregor





Diamond, Cree child's grave, Rupert House. too often death

THIS LAND IS WHOSE LAND

Canada's angry natives no longer want to be beggars on their own soil

The key on this brittle spring day is false impression. What the geese see, as they cross the mouth of the Broadback River and head out over James Bay, is a bald ice patch fringed by a stubble of larch and black spruce. Near the island there is a shallow saucer of open water, and here several dozen Canada geese are at rest, not moving because they are not real. To the side, behind a blind of white canvas and ice, the Grand Chief of the Cree Council kneels on sweet, soft balsam. He is invisible in a white cotton cap and white poplin coat. Far to the south, the spring geese faintly bark, their path home destined over this illusion of security, the harsh truth—realized too late—too often death.

Chief Billy Diamond does not look up, toward the geese, nor down, toward his loaded 12-gauge pump. He has, instead, been looking back, struck with the realization that on this very day, on another spring goose hunt precisely 10 years ago, the transistor radio had informed him that his home was about to become part of the largest hydroelectric project in the world. That announcement, the first he had heard of the plan, would forever change his life.

He could remember the day perfectly, the wind warm and out of the south, whereas today's wind was from the north. But not just the wind had changed. Ten years ago the blind had concealed Uncle Philip, the man who, with Billy's father, Malcolm, had taught him the Cree name for every point and rise of land for as far as the eye could see. Uncle Philip had been a cripple, hip and leg crushed by a falling tree and never set properly, but he had also been a fighter. Two winters back, when they found him dead in his snowshoes, it was proof that a Diamond's heart gives out before the spirit. A Diamond fights on. And the family was delighted when Billy honored his uncle's name by passing it on to his fourth child, a son born the following November.

On this day, back home in Rupert House, the young Philip was in his 18th month, finally learning to crawl. There was talk of brain damage, perhaps, like his namesake great-uncle, he was crippled. But at least he was alive. Down from the house toward the Rupert River, a small plot in the Anglican Church graveyard told an even sadder story of the Cree children, as did at least a half-dozen other small graves in other native communities of Northern Quebec. They are victims of a disease of poverty, a heartbreaking legacy of Chief Billy Diamond's treasured James Bay Agreement.

Ka-ronk! Billy snaps out of it at the signal from the second blind. There are geese within sight, drawn curiously toward the decoys. *Ka-ronk, ka-ronk*—the Cree call and the geese answer, the illusion in play. Billy raises his shotgun, moving once again into his own imaginings of this cruel spring. He thinks of Eric Gourdeau, the Quebec bureaucrat who deals with the Cree for the provincial government, who dares to sit in his Quebec City office and say: "The Cree are very rich people now. They can take care of themselves. They're all practically millionaires, you know."

Yesterday, when the geese were flying better, Billy Diamond blasted Eric Gourdeau out of the sky twice. But

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'There's more than Indians in this country'

today's geese bank away with the soft sigh of distancing wings. The Grand Chief of the 6,500 Cree rolls to a sitting position, takes a bite of doughy bannock and considers the decade between the two hunts. "I now know the government is not your trustee. The government is your opponent." Chewing, he considers his own words suddenly standing, he turns toward James Bay and shouts. *Do you hear me out there?* The call heads for the northwest, fast fading on the barrens.



Burial of Nelson Small Legs Jr. in 1976: a two-edged political sword

It was once so simple. In 1909, when Capt. Joseph Elzear Bernier claimed an Arctic island, he merely took his rifle and fired 19 shots in the air. "I instructed an Eskimo to fire the 20th," he reported, "telling him he was now a Canadian." Seventy-two years later the price of a shell has risen: not counting possible royalties from mineral rights, including gas and oil, the cost of turning native people into fully participating Canadians has risen to the point where it will likely cost in excess of $1 billion in cash and as much as a quarter of all the land in the Yukon and N.W.T.

In the eight years since the 3,000 Nishgas of the northern coast of British Columbia split the Supreme Court of Canada over aboriginal rights—thereby forcing the government to reverse its previous decision to ignore such rights—more than 260 native claims have been filed with Ottawa. Fourteen of these are described as "comprehensive," meaning native interest has never been extinguished, and the rest are "specific" claims involving grievances over past deals. Such specific claims might involve everything from treaty forgery in New Brunswick and Saskatchewan to ownership of such things as the Great Lakes. While 45 of them have already been rejected by the federal government, "in excess of a thousand" are anticipated, many of them legitimate. It is the comprehensive claims, however, that are reaching the crisis point and that are crucially tied to two current debates: the constitution and the drive toward energy self-sufficiency. The major claims are:

● **The Dene Nation** involving some 650,000 square miles of the mineral-rich Mackenzie Valley (see map, page 56), this claim involves the 10,000 Dene and the 6,000 members of the Northwest Territories Metis Association. The federal government has hinted at a settlement of around $200 million and two per cent of the land base, but that isn't even close to what the Dene are after: their own nation within Confederation, some political self-determination and at least a fair share of subsurface mineral rights. With a negotiator appointed only last month, this claim is nowhere near settlement.

● **The Inuit Tapiriat of Canada**. The 17,000 Inuit of the Far North are insisting any claims negotiations be paralleled by talks toward creating Nunavut, a 750,000-square-mile block which, after creation, would become a full province within 15 years. Settlement might also include outright ownership of as much as 15 per cent of the land and subsurface mineral rights to a smaller portion, as well as considerable cash. The talks are getting serious, and federal negotiator Robert Mitchell is hoping for an agreement in principle by Christmas.

● **Conseil Attikamek-Montagnais du Québec**. Involving 10,000 people and 200,000 square miles of Quebec, this claim is ironic in that these natives are after a sovereignty-association with Canada, no "cash-for-land deal" as in the James Bay Agreement. Leaders have even taken their case to an international human rights tribunal in Rotterdam, where Canada was found in violation of the United Nations Human Rights Charter for unilaterally annexing aboriginal lands in the James Bay Agreement. Canada has yet to answer these charges and negotiations are a long, long way off.

● **The Council for Yukon Indians (CYI)**. Representing 6,000 natives, the CYI is after a significant amount of the Yukon's 207,000 square miles, including some mineral rights, cash and the right to tax resources at the wellhead. One high-ranking CYI official predicts an agreement in principle by the fall.

● **The Committee for Original Peoples' Entitlement (COPE)**. Involving the 2,500 Inuvialuit of the Western Arctic, COPE originally pursued outright ownership of 169,000 square miles, then in 1978, signed an agreement in principle for $45 million, ownership of 37,000 square miles and, perhaps most important, full subsurface rights to 5,000 square miles. Leaked documents subsequently revealed (*Maclean's*, Feb. 23) that the federal government has had second thoughts on their signed agreement and the subsequent controversy has thrown the final negotiations into doubt.

For the federal government, these are merely the coming migraines in an increasing headache. With little comfort expected in the future, the government can no longer point to the past, either, claiming as it once did that the 1975 James Bay and Northern Quebec Agreement was a glowing example of serious negotiation, fair settlement and proven workability. What was once first noticed—the Cree's $135 million and the Inuit's $90 million—is now overshadowed by gastroenteritis, the killer disease of the poverty-stricken Third World, contaminated water, open sewers and inadequate housing. Yet when Cree Chief Billy Diamond and Inuit leader Charlie Watt go looking for shoulders to lean on in their time of need, they are deflected by shrugs in Ottawa and Quebec City, the two governments legally responsible for the continuing implementation of the agreement.

The history of the James Bay settlement—long considered a sellout by such groups as the Dene—has chilled the hearts of other native groups currently involved in negotiations. They would be tempted to back off, were it not for the two-edged political sword hanging over their heads: the constitution and energy. Members of Parliament may have wept when Justice Minister Jean Chrétien announced in January that aboriginal recognition would indeed be enshrined in the new constitution, but it was native leaders who wept privately when they failed to gain a veto right over any future amendments which might be engineered—by unsympathetic provinces—and that might affect aboriginal rights. "The amending formula should not be in the hands of the provinces," says Jim Bourque, president of the N.W.T. Metis Association. "They don't give a damn about aboriginal people."

So wary are the native groups of enlarged provincial say in their affairs (precisely what the Cree believe has hurt them), that they would actually prefer to continue dealing with Indian and Northern Affairs Canada, the Mr. Magoo of the federal bureaucracy, renowned for its shortsightedness and bungling. This department, lectured by the auditor-general for losing track of $300 million in 1979-80, subjected to six ministers in seven years, remains the "white father" of native affairs. The present minister, John Munro, however, is currently ironing out the final wrinkles in a brand new native claims policy, one that he hopes might restore some "necessary credibility on the government's part."

It will need to go a long way, however, if Munro hopes to ease the immense ill feeling that has built up in recent weeks over the federal government's National Energy Program. Through a nondescript Commons standing committee on







Indians on the Constitutional Express arriving in Ottawa last year (above), Nishgas making their case in 1976 (top), COPE leader Sam Raddi: 'might-have-beens'

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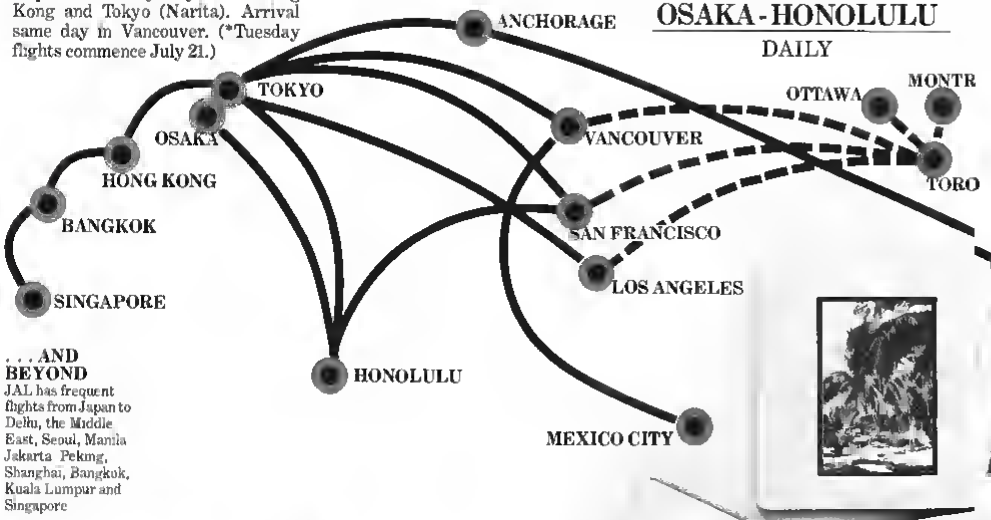
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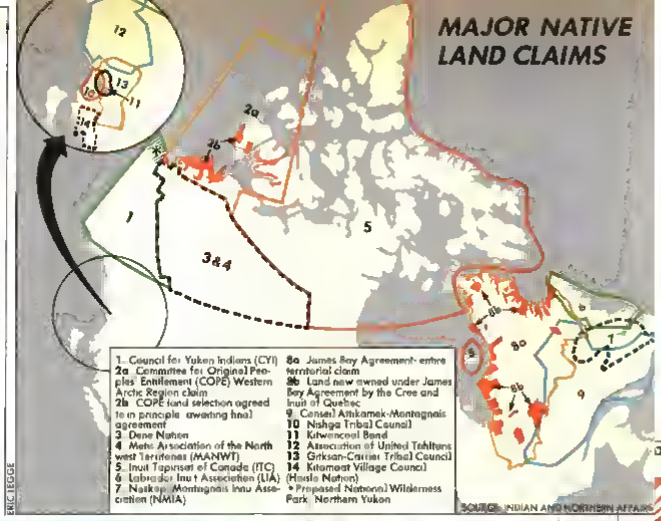
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'Caught in the dance of political elephants'

public works and natural resources, the Liberals are frantically ramming through a bill known as C-48, the Canada Oil and Gas Act, legislation so powerful and all-inclusive that it confirms Ottawa's full control of resource development north of the 60th parallel as well as a 25-per-cent government share in all resource projects. An outraged Dene Nation, the very people who fought the Mackenzie Valley pipeline and won through the 1977 Berger inquiry, have charged that this is a concerted move "to lock up northern resources and throw the key away." *The Globe and Mail*, in an editorial, calls it a "dictatorial act."

Both John Munro and Energy Minister Marc Lalonde deny these charges, saying the new constitution—and possible amendments to C-48—will adequately protect aboriginal rights, but their denial unfortunately coincided with a delayed announcement, just as Parliament entered its two-week recess, that Petro-Canada, the government-owned oil company, of which Munro's deputy minister is an ex officio member, was being given special permission to explore some 31 million acres in the North. This action, coupled with a late April National Energy Board approval for the construction of the Norman Wells pipeline—directly contradicting Justice Thomas Berger's call for a 10-year moratorium on such development until the land claims are settled—has outraged native leaders. The Inuit Tapirsat of Canada asked Munro last July to "withdraw lands from disposition that are a subject of negotiations" and have yet to receive an official reply. Obviously, one is no longer necessary. Munro has promised, however, to produce more information on just what lands Petrocan has tied up.





B.C.'s Christian, land claimed near Endarby: 'We may have to resort to violence'

Native leaders do not have to be told what it all means. "If there's no development," Kit Spance, a Munro aide, has said, "there's no pressure to settle native claims, and we'll never settle. There's more than Indians in this country."

On Oct. 19, 1980, Chief Billy Diamond was telephoned in Rupert House by the Hospital Sainte-Justine in Montreal. Could Billy and his wife please come—*quickly*. It took a full day to reach Montreal, and when Billy and Elizabeth Diamond finally rushed into Room 3616 their first thought was that there had been a mistake: this red balloon of open sores couldn't be their son. Yet it was. Philip. The gastroenteritis had given way to chicken pox and then to meningitis. The baby was going into seizures. Elizabeth was unable to bear it. She broke down. Billy fought it, but then he broke as well, standing there helpless as he listened to the doctor's urgent request: would Billy draw as close as he could to the child? Would Billy help them look for a possible spark?

Hands shaking, eyes full, he leaned over his dying son. The doctor asked Billy to say something, so he spoke in Cree, softly. He told Philip there were people praying for him. But nothing. Billy leaned over still closer, to within an inch of the baby's open eyes. "Philip," he said, still speaking in Cree, "you've got a future. Don't let it go." The baby's eyes moved, a flicker. Not much, but enough. Two days later the swelling was going down and the seizures had stopped. And on Jan. 19, after 121 days of hospital care worth $48,363, Philip Winston Diamond was taken home to whatever will be his future.

Were it not for tiny Philip's dead namesake, Billy Diamond might have become cynical about futures long ago. There are times when it does feel like all his own glory is now behind. But such glory? A week after he was elected chief in 1970 he immediately issued his challenge to the federal system of Indian Affairs. The local Indian agent arrived by floatplane at the Rupert House dock and informed Billy he had all of 20 minutes to hear out the new chief. In front of his village, Chief Billy Diamond said, "You can f--k your 20 minutes," and he turned and walked away.

He became chief in time to lead the fight against Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa's ambitious plan to turn the northern part of his province into a massive wall outlet. The Cree got only a small fraction of the land they claimed,

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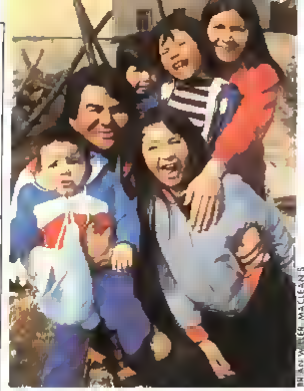
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'We're talking about a sense of responsibility'

but they did extract promises from the federal and provincial governments that, as Warren Allmand, then minister of Indian and northern affairs, put it when he introduced the legislation in the House, "government funding will be available for key community services." The $225-million cash and debentures settlement the Cree and Inuit shared would form a kind of heritage fund, deemed 75-per-cent untouchable by law, which would form nothing other than an economic base, its equity and interest backing sensible business projects.

Only four years after that legislation, Warren Allmand, by now out of the cabinet, would reflect on what went wrong:



BRIAN WILLER-MACLEAN'S

Diamond, wife Elizabeth and family (Philip on left): 'Do you hear me there?'

Quebec government didn't like him, Billy Diamond wasn't sure, perhaps it was just that here was another situation of federal-provincial hand-washing, where all the dirt stays with the third party. "Indians are caught in the dance of the political elephants," says Rob Milen, who resigned his land negotiator job in Saskatchewan last year over federal-provincial buck-passing. "The province steps on you one day and then the federal government the next." Whatever, Quebec City was so reluctant to give any authority, let alone the agreed-to funding, to the troubled Cree Regional Health Board that in September the Cree turned to the courts and a $264-million lawsuit. While the lawyers mutter and while Quebec and Ottawa argue about which health responsibilities are whose, a brand new hospital sits







CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION ARCHIVES

SHAW/EDMONTON JOURNAL

Treaty payments to Indians in early 1900s (left), Erasmus, Edmonton demonstration, 1980: it may also be a message

no money had been set aside specifically for several of the promised implementation projects, little effort had been made by the department to meet the deadlines for detailed periodic reports (only one has appeared so far), and, unbelievably, keeping track of the entire James Bay Agreement would become a part-time job for a single government employee. For a government stuck in 1981 with a $14-billion deficit, the ramifications were alarming. A confidential report prepared in December by a high department official acknowledged the costs "can be quasi-astronomical and beyond the means" of the department. The conclusion: "something went wrong."

It hurt Billy Diamond to learn this firsthand, because for so long he had been a believer. It was beyond him how, in May of 1976, another native leader in Alberta, Nelson Small Legs Jr., could have shot himself and left a suicide note saying, "I give my life in protest to the Canadian government for its treatment of Indian people for the past 100 years." Billy Diamond thought he had been treated fairly. He *liked* the James Bay Agreement. But in May last year Philip fell sick. And by last Aug. 10, when a four-month-old Cree baby from Nemaska named Tommy Wapachee died of the same symptoms, virtually every Cree child under the age of 2 was suffering. Billy knew that he, too, would have to protest. Unlike Small Legs, Tommy Wapachee had left no message, so Billy Diamond would do it for him.

He would record the history of the James Bay Agreement in thick brown, black and blue documents and he would place these before the House of Commons committees on Indian affairs and on health and welfare. He would tell about Indian Affairs digging sewer trenches and then inexplicably failing to complete the work, leaving festering moats and open cesspools. He would tell of Quebec agreeing to corrective work and not coming through, of Ottawa promising yet doing nothing, and finally how the Cree were using their own money—the sacred heritage fund—to finance the completion of proper waste disposal.

The biggest holdup was Quebec City, where the agreement had never been popular to begin with. Just why the unopened in the Cree village of Chisasibi, unable to even hire staff.

John Munro promised a full review of the agreement by June, but already there is evidence of a tuberculosis epidemic in Mistassini and 20 reported cases of gastroenteritis in Paint Hills. Munro flew to Paint Hills in April, saw the obvious, and announced an immediate emergency plan which he believed was under way in mid-May. "That's a surprise to me," Diamond's assistant, Robert Epstein, said on the following day. "They have not done anything."

"In the James Bay Agreement we're talking about more than just contract laws," says David Porter, vice-chairman of the Council for Yukon Indians, who is watching this sad tale with increasing concern. "We're talking about a sense of responsibility. What the hell is a government for? Is a government set up to screw these people? Or is it there to help them? It's a tough lesson to learn because there's no recourse for the Cree, you know. They extinguished their rights. They gave up the land. They've nothing left to bargain with."

Hanging on the wall of Yukon territorial government leader Chris Pearson's office is a small pencil sketch, a bucolic scene of an Indian paddling away from the island on which his tepee sits. Reflected in the water is the mirror image of the paddler, of the canoe, the island and the trees. But not of the tepee. It is as if the home is not quite real, a mirage. Pearson thinks it is an oversight, the artistic immaturity of the 17-year-old native who gave him the sketch. It may also be a message.

The question of property rights is nothing new in Canada. It was Canada's first prime minister, John A. Macdonald, who rose in the House of Commons on April 15, 1886, and maintained the native was "simply living on the benevolence and charity of the Canadian Parliament and, as the old adage says, beggars should not be choosers."



MITCHELL/CP

Allmand: merely the coming migraines in an increasing headache

Yet today, only a dozen years after the present prime minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, said, "We can't recognize aboriginal rights because no society can be built on historical 'might-have-beens,'" the president of the Dene Nation, Georges Erasmus, is able to say: "We're willing to negotiate our way into Canada on the basis that we keep our lands and control and ownership of enough resources so we become self-reliant, so that we're not beggars in our own land." All thanks to Canada's judicial system.

The 1973 Supreme Court split on aboriginal rights, which led to Trudeau's about-face on aboriginal rights, has since been followed by a 1979 ruling by N.W.T. Justice Patrick Mahoney that the Baker Lake Inuit, who had taken the government to court to stop mining companies from trifling with caribou grounds, did indeed have aboriginal rights and that these rights could not be said to have been extinguished by the 1670 Hudson's Bay Charter, as the federal lawyers were arguing. However, Justice Mahoney then allowed the mining company to proceed, saying aboriginal rights were *not necessarily* property rights. Just what they were, he didn't say. And so the dilemma has yet to be resolved. Should the Dene Nation take the federal government to court over the Norman Wells pipeline, expected to be approved by cabinet sometime this summer, the issue might finally be put to rest. But the Justice Mahoney decision has had the effect of making native groups extremely wary about the court.

Weekly, the pressure to settle rises. Norman Wells and Bill C-48 were followed by the Petrocan push into the North and, more recently, by an internal government report, not yet made public, which argues that the already signed agreement in principle with the COPE people of the Western Arctic "could indefinitely delay oil and gas exploration in the Beaufort Region," expected to be in the neighborhood of $40 billion. With the COPE agreement in principle all but broken by Ottawa anyway, this report suggests the creation of an arbitrator with massive powers over land use and no recourse for appeal, simply to "allow industry quick access

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Walking Out establishes a Cree male as a hunter

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This, of course, involves the Arctic ice pack, described only 11 years ago by Pierre Trudeau as "the most significant surface area of the globe . . . [whose] continued existence in unspoiled form is vital to all mankind." Last year, in Churchill, three polar bears were dumped into oil to see how they would fare in a drilling disaster. That one bear survived must have been encouragement to someone, somewhere.

"Sometimes you just feel like grabbing your gun, your snowshoes and your pack and disappearing into the bush," says the CYI's David Porter. "But unfortunately that just isn't possible anymore. The industrial 20th century is here, and we're going to have to deal with it." "We may have to resort to violence," says Chief Wayne Christian of the Salish's Spaliumcheen Band, who has turned from trying to deal with the Canadian politicians to the United Nations and Britain, also without much result.



BRIAN WEILER/MACLEAN'S

It is late at night, one going on for two. Billy Diamond sits leaning on the faded oilcloth of the hunt camp table, a Coleman lamp hissing on the beam above, the waves of wood stove heat playing at the edges of the faded sign his daughter, Lorraine, has crayoned and stapled to the wall behind him: HOME SWEET HOME.

Home. This used to be the private fishing lodge of Charles Stewart MacLean, late of Louisville, Ky. Come summer and the big amphibious plane carrying the wealthy American would break across the Broadback and slip gracefully down, taxiing slowly up to the docks. MacLean liked to be met by his head guide, a feisty little character named Malcolm Diamond who quaintly doubled up as chief of the ragtag band of Cree up at Rupert House. The last time Malcolm saw the master of the lodge, however, he told him to take his $6 a day and shove it. He was an Indian and he would hunt and fish around here as much as it suited him. It was his *right*. Malcolm and Billy still laugh about that one, treasuring the moment.

"You know," says Billy, playing with the tailings of a final drink, "Bourassa said he'd harness seven rivers, create a half million jobs—all within a decade. Well, his time's up today. And he hasn't done it yet."

Uncle Philip wouldn't give in. Nor would Malcolm. And Grand Chief Billy Diamond is not without a few ideas this spring night. There are other hydro projects in the works and they all need his co-operation. And there's also his crazy idea of marching every man, woman and child, all 6,500 Cree, down to Ottawa to see Pierre Trudeau. "And maybe while we're there," he says, "they can load up a DC-3 and bomb Rupert with a payload of Javex."

But first, before all other matters in Billy Diamond's life, there is next month's Walking Out ceremony. Traditionally Cree, the Walking Out establishes a Cree male as a hunter, a provider, a fighter. The boy dressed in the clothes of a young hunter, complete with small pack and carved wooden gun. The village elders gather in a special tepee built for the occasion; the child enters, receives their blessings and walks out to the cheers of the village. And even if Billy has to carry Philip himself, he is going to do it. For Uncle Philip. For young Philip. For himself.

With files from Carol Bruman, Dale Eisler, David Folster, Donald Gutstein, Katherine Lawrence, Peter McFarlane, Anna Prodanou and Suzanne Zwarun.

Training at Tuk Tek

Someone had the brainstorm years ago of branding sweat shirts with the insignia of Tuk U, the joke being the absurdity of a university based in Tuktoyaktuk, a minuscule former whaling community 1,150 km northwest of Yellowknife, N.W.T. But this winter in "Tuk," residents of the settlement—now grown to 800—donned Tuk Tek sweat shirts and, this time, no joke was intended. A technical school was, in fact, in operation in Tuk, set up to train northern natives in office practices, heavy equipment operation and seamanship. A satisfactory 38 of 46 students enrolled passed their courses and many will find jobs when drilling starts in the Beaufort Sea in June. "I was on unemployment because there were no jobs for unskilled people," says 32-year-old Ruth Edwards of Aklavik, a successful graduate who has already landed a job as a computer and data operator on the Canmar base in Tuk. Edwards most appreciated being able to train in the North and "the work is really interesting."

Tuk Tek, a pilot project organized by Dome Petroleum's Canmar subsidiary in conjunction with territorial government departments of education and employment, is the sort of program that earned Dome a bouquet this year from the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, an environmental watchdog that doesn't always greet northern development with glee. Dome's Socio-Economic Action Plan has also been praised by the N.W.T. government (which evaluates it on behalf of the federal government) and has now been adopted as the model for other companies working in the North. Of course, there are those who would argue that this is really taxpayers' money at work—one internal document circulating in Ottawa says Dome's grant this year from the Petroleum Incentives Program will reach $200 million, 90 per cent put up by taxpayers—but Dome is under no legal obligation to do all that it does.

Dome began drilling in the Beaufort in 1976 with a pledge to reserve 20 per cent of its jobs for northerners. This year, 360 northerners will be included in the 1,300-person work force, up from 127 in 1976. That will put $5.5 million back into the North in salaries and bonuses, but, more important in the long run, the number of skilled northern employees hired has leaped from six in 1976 to 86 last year. Dome also funds ($175,000 this year) the Beaufort Sea Community Advisory Committee, composed of community council and hunting and trapping association representatives. Completely independent, the committee is offering its own aid and advice to the company as well as acting as a liaison with the people in the communities.

It was the committee that urged the establishment of Tuk Tek in addition to sending northerners south to be trained, as Dome has done since 1976. "The kids don't like having to go so far away from home," says committee chairperson Susie Huskey, who hopes Tuk Tek is the first step toward a permanent technical institute in the North. "Dome has gone out of its way to employ native northerners. They go right into the communities to find out who wants jobs and training. And it's the only operation that hires women at sea as well as on the base." A problem looms, however. Huskey fears that the proposed unionization of Dome employees will lead to a Vancouver hiring hall.

Dome's training programs in the south and at Tuk Tek are only one facet of its community involvement. The company also supports a day-care centre in Tuk, lends its help to community projects ranging from an arena work bee to playground levelling, holds cross-cultural awareness sessions for all new southern employees and life skills sessions for northerners and is working to help establish northern business. "I guess it's all expected of us," says Dome's northern relations manager, Dick Duczek, "and it's not just tokenism or patronization on our part. It's their environment, they were there first. We sincerely try to find out what their lifestyle is, so we know what not to do. It's to their benefit, but it's to ours as well."

—SUZANNE ZWARUN





CLARK UPC

Part of the graduating class of 1980 (left), Munro not just tokenism

FILMS

Spoofing without spooking

THE HOWLING
Directed by Joe Dante

By far the most pleasurable aspect of *The Howling* is Rob Bottin's special effects which turn dull, ordinary humans into slobbering, long-snouted beasts that give ugliness new meaning. A parody of the old werewolf genre, the movie is at its most imaginative during these metamorphoses, you get to watch the whole process of hairy transformation with the skin breaking and growing lumps. *The Howling*'s core of enjoyment can be found in a simple reaction: *how the hell did they do that?* Would that the writing and direction engendered the same response.

The script, by John Sayles and Terence Winkless, is of the smart-faced variety, and though it might appear to be devoid of pretension given its loose, kidding style, there is an affectation in taking an old genre and condescending to it. The technique is also at cross purposes when the TV newswoman (Dee Wallace) and her lummox husband (Christopher Stone) go to the creepy mental health colony up the California coast and *things start happening*, the jokey attitude cancels out any apprehension. (In Brian De Palma's movies, which essentially are not parodies, the comedy makes us apprehensive.) The colony, run by Patrick Macnee, is one of those relax-and-we'll-get-your-act-together-for-you places—a ripe, perhaps overripe, satirical subject, as is the heroine's profession, TV. Rather than use this material to build terror as De Palma does, the scriptwriters are mired in their own cleverness. There is no doubt that *The Howling* is an improvement over the current glut of horror movies with their mindless plots and standard form of execution, what is disappointing is the refusal to make the old werewolf genre work on its own level while kidding it.

That leaves us with the werewolves themselves in all their salivating glory. It also leaves us with a silver screen first: werewolves copulating. Specifically, they do it in front of a raging fire and the force of their exertions is enough to leave the most sexually sophisticated feeling like pikers, and the jaded with their batteries recharged.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE



Belinda Balaski: dull, ordinary humans transformed into long-snouted beasts.

Shootout at zero gravity

OUTLAND
Directed by Peter Hyams

If ever anyone needed a demonstration of what a western set in outer space would be like, *Outland* is it. Instead of a pioneer town surrounded by a vast prairie space, there's Io, the third moon of Jupiter, on which is a lonely mining station. Instead of Gary Cooper there is Sean Connery as the new marshal of the space station. When Connery discovers that an increasing number of men are going nuts because the manager (Peter Boyle) is feeding them a powerful amphetamine to increase production, he feels the stirrings of heroism bubble up from inside. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do. Two hired guns are called in to wipe out the marshal. Deserted by the townspeople as it were, he must face *High Noon* alone.

Except, that is, for the acerbic but good-hearted Dr. Lazarus (Frances Sternhagen) who in this version has assumed the Grace Kelly part and comes to the marshal's aid at the eleventh hour. *Outland*, or *High Noon on Jupiter's Third Moon*, has such a humorless and unrelenting sense of purpose that the concept of heroism seems as silly as it once was in mediocre Saturday afternoon oaters—doubly so dressed up in blinking space hardware. Peter Hyams' formula dialogue isn't any help in saving the movie from its self-seriousness. Surprisingly, there isn't much irony in Sean Connery's performance. Normally he lets you know what he thinks of the material he's working with, not this time—it's straight talking, no-nonsense work. *Outland* could have used a little nonsense. As it is, once out of sight it's also out of mind.

—L. O'T.



Connery: the universal conviction that a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

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Playing to bring the house down

Onstage '81, offering 1,000 theatrical performances, is a vast rummage sale of talent

By Jane O'Hara



Shared Experience's 'The Merchant of Venice': a fair share of artistic curios

The first Toronto Theatre Festival, proudly billed as the largest theatre event in North America, has been more like a vast rummage sale than a Tiffany display case of Canadian and international talent. Now in its third and final week, Onstage '81 has provided racks of articles to choose from—almost 1,000 performances by 120 companies in 38 locations, including a hockey rink—and throughout the theatrical community there has been a frenzied buzz as aficionados rough and tumble through the dramatic equivalent of hand-me-down clothes, cracked china and chipped tables in search of one *real* find. Unquestionably, the festival has had its share of artistic curios. Ekkehard Schall, known as the Merlin of the Berliner Ensemble and as the son-in-law of Bertolt Brecht, had Toronto audiences paying $14 a seat and $2 for an English translation of his all-German show, the British troupe Triple Action Theatre boiled down Joyce's herculean *Ulysses* into 1½ hours of skinhead drama, managing to combine Molly Bloom's soliloquy with bovver boots. Toronto playwright George F. Walker created a major stir both on and off stage with his grainy little gem *Theatre of the Film Noir*, allegedly based on the work of the French "post-existentialist" film-maker, Henri Berger, a man who, as it turns out, existed only in the wacko mind of Walker. Toronto's Necessary Angel Theatre Company scraped together $40,000, moved from its regular down-at-the-heels premises and into an old Toronto mansion to perform *Tamara*, a baroque drama in which all the house is a stage and the paying audience merely players. Britain's fringe group, Shared Experience, another box-office hit, proved that elaborate costumes and props do not necessarily a drama make, with its bawdy but elemental productions of *An Arabian Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY GRAY

Drabinsky (above), Jaffe: an effort to attract both audience and investors

That so few real treasures, however, have surfaced amid so much dramatic dross says much about the haste with which this elephantine event was mounted and perhaps even more about the organizers who decided that it had to be big in order to be beautiful in Toronto. And although night after night audiences shelled out anywhere from $5 to $25 per ticket, many, after a taste of the offensive blithering in *Venus Envy*, or the futile fantasy of *Studhorse Man*, left feeling for their wallets. "The first festival had to make an impact on this city," said Sham Jaffe, executive director of the $1.8-million event which will have presented 27 international, 19 Canadian regional and 70 Toronto productions on the Mainstage and the Open Stage (the so-called fringe of the festival co-ordinated by Simon Malbogat), not to mention workshops, seminars and a $75,000 trade forum before the week is out. "The best way of charging up an audience was to do it on this scale."

At the outset, however, many had their doubts. Chris Parr, director of Edinburgh's Traverse Theatre Club which has played the Edinburgh Arts Festival, the granddaddy of them all, was worried that many shows would go begging for customers. "You have to wonder about distribution," said Parr. "I must say it shows great faith in the ability of Canadian theatre to draw people and it's good to see so much Canadian stuff being presented." One week before the Onstage '81 curtain went up, Canadian director D. Ann Taylor, of The Hummer Sisters who opened last week in *Where's Fluffy? The Rise and Fall of Babyland*, had similar doubts. "My greatest fear is that Toronto really

only does have 500 loyal theatre-goers and that they will be split up among 40 venues"

Considering the skepticism of both the theatrical community and financial backers—the big money only started flowing in January and even last week a frantic plea went up to raise an extra $90,000—it is perhaps a wonder that Onstage '81 materialized in any shape, even one so formless. The festival is an amalgam of ideas which have been kicking around since the late '70s. Says Paul Thompson, the greybeard of Toronto's Theatre Passe Muraille: "It all goes back to the 1970 Festival of Underground Theatre which we staged for $70,000. Now, 11 years later, this festival is another benchmark of how far we have gone." The concern was that while theatre in Toronto had grown substantially during the '70s it had somehow remained the same—same audiences, same financial restrictions largely due to the five-year Canada Council freeze on theatre grants. After years of spinning its wheels, Toronto theatre looked to this event to get it rolling again, to raise the consciousness of the Toronto public, to attract a larger audience and to twig financial investors to the idea that theatre can be as viable a commodity as a blue-chip stock. Many hoped one long-term spin-off would be the establishment of Toronto as a theatre superpower—a Broadway of the north to Canada's regional theatres. If this is ever to happen, there is the need for more theatre space, including transfer houses which could free successful small productions—such as Linda Griffiths' *Maggie & Pierre* which is slated for a five-day run at Toronto's opulent Royal Alex—from their unremunerative 200-seat prisons.



Jim Henshaw, Susan Purdy, Peter Blais in 'Theatre of the Film Noir': a major stir

Perhaps the most clearheaded, but controversial, decision in the planning stages was the appointment of Toronto lawyer and film producer Garth Drabinsky as festival board chairman, a man who some feel speaks with almost papal infallibility. "He was the No. 1 candidate on a short list of one," admits Jaffe. Although Drabinsky's muscle has almost single-handedly levered more than $300,000 from private investors, and has played a major role in getting three levels of government to ante up more than $700,000, his hovering three-piece presence has been of some concern to those in the alternate theatre scene who feel he may commercialize theatre the way he did film. "I know Drabinsky would have wanted to bring in Christopher Plummer to play the lead in *Studhorse Man*," said Thompson of the play based on the Robert Kroetsch novel, which premiered at the festival. "That's why there are people like me on the board to keep Drabinsky in check." Drabinsky admits he didn't ask for the job, and if there is anything the festival lacks it is the big international drawing cards to lend the event credibility. Big stars such as Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company and Poland's Cricot 2 Theatre didn't, in the end, turn up.

Jaffe, who became possessed by the festival dybbuk almost two years ago, also complains that the Canadian theatrical community didn't go out of its way to present anything special. "For many of them the festival just meant a fifth show in a four-show season." Embarrassingly, some of the festival's biggest duds have come from the usually reliable firecrackers of Toronto theatre. Passe Muraille's *Studhorse Man*, the NDWT-Tarragon co-production of James Reaney's *Gyroscope* and Toronto Truck Theatre's fiasco *Montreal*, by Larry Fineberg, have been notable box-office disasters. This only spotlighted the absence of Canada's major regional theatres, such as Edmonton's Citadel Theatre, Halifax's Neptune and Winnipeg's Manitoba Theatre Centre (MTC). "We got the impression that you have to be trendy and sincere to be a part of the festival," said Richard Ouzounian, artistic director of the MTC. "I think the organizers hoped that the festival was like Chinese food, that by eating a lot of little things it would all add up. To my mind, though, it's all fringe and no fabric."

Like most arts festivals—even Edinburgh—Onstage '81 will find itself in the red when the curtain falls, but in the minds of Jaffe and Drabinsky it will rise again. At the very least, investors can now be sure that such an event will get off the ground. But Peter Peroff, considered one of Toronto's most successful commercial producers, cautioned against an early revival. "This year they had to make a big splash, but it would be wise if it didn't happen again for two years." As it is, Onstage '81 is a qualified success. As Samuel Johnson said of a dog walking on its hind legs: the surprise is not that it was not done well, but that it was done at all.

Do-it-yourself Blackshirts

TAMARA
by John Krizanc
Directed by Richard Rose

Tamara is a delight, an exotic confection which could easily have been just a gimmick but instead provides a unique theatrical experience. The play takes place in a renovated Victorian mansion, in an ingenious expansion of *Upstairs, Downstairs* the 10 characters, from the chauffeur to master Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet and patriot who remained shamefully silent during Mussolini's regime, reproduce two days of their lives in the rooms and hallways of the mansion. The audience (limited for logistical reasons to a maximum of 50) can follow whichever characters they choose. At intermission, when the cast has "gone to bed," the audience, assembled in the kitchen for a "midnight" pastry snack, is encouraged to compare notes and knit together the various strands of the plot.

A docudrama with operatic flourishes, *Tamara's* historical basis is the visit of Tamara de Lempicka (Mary Hawkins), a glamorous Polish futurist artist, to D'Annunzio's mansion in order to paint his portrait, but the poet (Frank Canino) is more interested in reclining than sitting. Meanwhile, revolution boils up from the servants' quarters, threatening to engulf D'Annunzio in a rebellion against Il Duce John Krizanc's overly long script, beautifully realized by Toronto's Necessary Angel Theatre Company, is more libretto than play, fully utilizing Dorian Clark's inspired decors for powerful dramatic effects. Tamara drives up in a Rolls with an elegant Afghan on leash and sweeps up the mansion steps into a bustling crowd of retainers and audience members jostling one another for a closer look. The play ends bloodily on the same steps as Tamara roars away from the household she has unwittingly destroyed.



Ian Bleck (as Blackshirt) and Roger McKeen: an exotic, unique confection

With its $20 ticket and restricted audience, the work is elitist in the extreme, recalling the chamber works enacted before kings and courtiers. But it is more than that, since it re-examines basic theatrical principles which echo the experiments of the Living Theatre in the '60s. Where Living Theatre generally failed to break down performer-audience barriers by recruiting the audience into the production, *Tamara* succeeds by allowing viewers to create their own play and see it too. Audiences are voyeurs by definition, so why not let them fully indulge this vicarious pleasure? Sitting by chance alone, while inches away Tamara and Gabriele court and spark, the spectator slowly realizes that one more permutation of the alchemy by which life is transformed into art has reached a logical and enlightening conclusion. —MARK CZARNECKI

The poet is still kicking

GYROSCOPE
by James Reaney
Directed by Keith Turnbull

A great artist's reputation is a dangerous thing, not least because it can so readily be turned against its creator. One false step, or the several taken in James Reaney's new play *Gyroscope*, and underlings rejoice at how low are the mighty fallen. *Gyroscope* may not be Reaney's best work but neither is it his worst, despite a critical reception suggesting he's a dried-up academic with an ivory tower for a brain instead of a still-kicking poetic dramatist.

There it is, that dirty word—poetic. The awful truth is that this play has poetry in it; worse than that, it actually talks a lot (far too much) about the mechanics of writing poetry. *Gyroscope* talks—in a language that is resonant with myth (Orpheus and Eurydice) and very funny—about the wellsprings of creativity and the follies of academe, about how the psyches of loving couples meld until they speak with one tongue, about how sex is the dark root and mother of things light and beautiful.

The story is simple. Poetess Hilda (Jams Nickleson), hotly pursued as thesis material by a zealous grad student, Mattie (Rita Jimenez), forbids her lab technician husband Greg (Jerry Franken) to read her poetry, but he does anyway. One spell is broken and another cast: they reverse poetic and sexual roles as he infiltrates her ladies' poetry society in disguise only to be expelled after an improvisational poetry duel with his wife. Finally, harmony is restored. This blithe tale does ring true poetically and mythically, but the characters' motivations are often obscure or ignored.

Gyroscope challenges its audience in ways not everyone will fancy but, once accepted, Reaney's self-mocking vision and his gift for infusing the ordinary with the magical seduce and delight. With this play the author of the acclaimed Donnelly trilogy has added a wand of whimsical satire to his dramatic repertoire—its touch is unsure but promising. —M.C.

Frenken and Jimenez: the awful truth is that this play has poetry in it



Placing blame for a bespangled bomb



Reineke: a cast in search of a play

MONTREAL
by Larry Fineberg
Directed by William Lane

What happened to *Montreal*? The blame for this bespangled bomb by noted Canadian playwright Larry Fineberg falls squarely on the collective shoulders of its cast, director and subsidized theatre in general, according to producer Peter Peroff who financed it to the tune of $50,000. Not so, retort the innocent victims: what can you expect when a convoluted production demanding cinemascopic special effects has to be mounted in 21 measly days?

If Fineberg replaces his tedious and preachy second act with the engaging quirkiness that almost redeems the first and rewrites his characters to be 10 times more offensive and outrageous, he might prove helpful to his bravely floundering director, William Lane. At present, despite a fine cast headed by miracle worker Gary Reineke, *Montreal* defies salvation. As for Mr. Peroff, it's a pity the seminars for producers at the Toronto Theatre Festival didn't include common courtesy on the agenda. —M.C.

COLUMN

Goddam the CPR!



Not just mean, but too cheap to give back anything to society

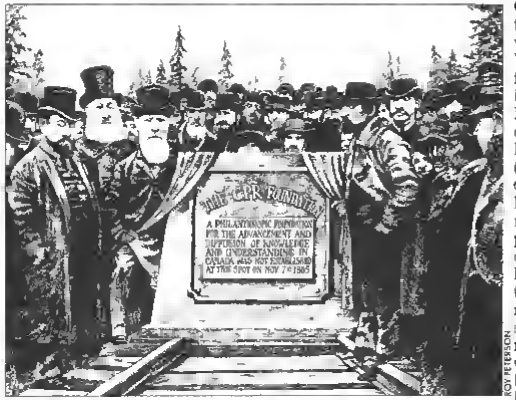
By Allan Fotheringham

There's the old, familiar story about the Depression-age Prairie farmer whose crops have been wiped out first by drought and then by grasshoppers. In the midst of a sudden hailstorm that flattens his frail wheat he raises his fist to the skies in a rage and screams, "Goddam the CPR!"

Anyone familiar with Western Canada—or the CPR—will recognize and empathize with the feeling. Our dear old railway, now a worldwide conglomerate called Canadian Pacific, has been getting some unaccustomed favorable publicity lately as it basks in the celebrations marking its 100th year. There has been all the puff on the business pages about the new "consensus-oriented style" about to take over headquarters in Montreal's antediluvian Windsor Station in the wake this past month of Ian Sinclair, the brakeman's son, stepping aside as boss, the victim of a broken hip and duller times. I at least liked Big Julie, who loved shin-kicking bar sessions. I once bet him a $100 Montreal meal that my newspaper could unveil his then-secret salary, the highest in Canada. "Make it $200," he growled, "because *I'll* choose the wines." We did eventually print his salary, though—thanks to Ottawa's limp-wristed corporate laws and Canadian Pacific's bullying attitude—we had to get it through the Securities and Exchange Commission in Washington. I can't really imagine ever liking Sinclair's successor, Frederick S. Burbidge, whose office is decorated with watercolors chosen and bought by the firm.

That incident about Sinclair's salary—we have to go to a foreign country to find out what should be public information about a public company—tells you just about everything you wanted to know about how the supine governments of this fair land have been bullied and seduced by CPR since 1881. What has always puzzled me about the outfit is that no one brings up just how cheap—not just mean, but cheap—it is.

In the U.S., those who benefit grandly from the bounteous gifts of the free enterprise system tend to give something back to society. The Carnegie steel interests endow the Carnegie libraries. The Ford motor company sets up the Ford Foundation to do good and sprinkle dollars. Can anyone tell me a single thing the Canadian Pacific can be remembered for in this country? Is there a foundation in its name? A college scholarship program? A chair in transportation at any university? These people are cheap. We've always known they're mean. But they're cheap—on a grand scale.



ROY PETERSON

The CPR has always been all take and no give. The tiresome litany of what it has given, to build a railway so as to bait the remote Pacific colony of British Columbia into confederation, is well-known. The pattern was set for what the *Grain Growers' Guide*, back in 1918, called "a government on wheels." Pierre Berton in *The Last Spike* detailed how the CPR purposely veered off government-surveyed routes and took more difficult mountain passes so as to control development. It slyly moved its lines three kilometres from the centre of a young Calgary so as to create a new downtown. The Husky Tower and the core of Boomcity now sit on that land. The CPR was given 6,000 acres of what is now the most expensive land in Canada, in Vancouver, to do what it planned to do anyway: move the terminus 23 km closer to the sea. It still controls all the waterfront property in Vancouver and most of it in Toronto. Robert Chodos, in *The CPR: A Century of Corporate Welfare*, wrote, "There have been corporate welfare bums in this country almost as long as there have been corporations, and none has collected as much money over as long a period of time as Canadian Pacific."

The first major oil strike in Canada, at Leduc in 1947, was on CPR property. Canada is about the only country in the world that forces the state airline, Air Canada, to divide international routes with a private operator: CP Air. When this corporate welfare bum gobbled up the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, it got almost a quarter of Vancouver Island. The case of B.C. (sometimes known as "the CPR province") is particularly interesting. Government subsidized some 35 per cent of the cost of the celebrated Crowsnest Pass route into B.C. In return, CPR got total economic dominance of southeastern B.C., including Cominco, now its worldwide mining empire. By 1970, CPR's assets in B.C. totalled $1 billion. Several years ago, *The Vancouver Sun* conducted a poll among top people as to the most powerful man in Vancouver. A surprising number fingered a chap who lived in Montreal: Ian Sinclair.

In return? In the trophy case of Point Grey High School in Vancouver is a short, silvered piece of rail, gathering cobwebs. A decade ago, when Marathon Realty, Canadian Pacific's real estate arm, was lobbying city council to build a massive shopping centre next to the school, a smarmy PR man appeared to present the trophy and a Canadian Pacific bursary at graduation ceremonies. A scaled-down shopping centre has been built; the PR man and the donation disappeared.

In the U.S., there are the Rockefellers, the Du Ponts, the Mellons. In Canada, there is Canadian Pacific with its incestuous daisy chain of cross directorships with grim Presbyterian banks. Is there even a railway museum? Art gallery? Research institute? An unsullied silver rail? Goddam the CPR!

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.



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